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THE

UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

TRUTHS AND FICTIONS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

O voi eh' avete gl' intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina che s'asconde
Sotto 'l velame degli versi strani.—DANTE.*

The Merchant and the Friar. By Sir Francis Palgrave, K. H., Keeper of the Records of the Treasury of her majesty's Exchequer.

MEN are at length beginning to do justice to the middle ages. There was a time,—and that no distant day,—when the very term "Middle Ages," arose to the mind of the readers of popular history, associated with the ideas of ignorance and superstition. They were taught to regard this period as one melancholy blank in the history of humanity, claiming by turns their pity and contempt. The veil is beginning to be withdrawn. Truth is allowed to vindicate her cause, and to claim her own. Atonement is being made for the injustice of the past,—tardy it may be, but grateful, though tardy,—we are content to realise the homely proverb, "Better late than never."

We know of no person, who, from the character of his studies and pursuits, was better qualified to co-operate in this noble object than Sir Francis Palgrave. He was already known to the public by his learned researches in the field of Saxon literature; and when, under the reign of George IV, a commission was issued to examine into the state of the public records of England, and to print the most valuable of them, he was appointed one of the learned antiquaries to carry into effect the munificent and enlightened project.* The name of Sir Francis Palgrave appears as the editor of the following important contributions towards a full and authentic history of Eng-

* O ye of upright heart and judgment sound,
Admire the skill, and learn the art to prize,
Which veils home truths beneath a strange disguise.

* The printed report of the committee contains a list of the members composing it, among which occur the following distinguished names: Lord Brougham, Henry Hallam, Cam Hobhouse, &c. In the same report is a statement which will be read with pleasure: "There have also been sent thirty-five copies to the United States of America, and we have the satisfaction to report that they have been received every where with demonstrations of gratitude and esteem." By the term "sets," will of course be understood series of the printed records and other national documents. The value of the gift will be appreciated when it is known that each set already amounts to eighty-two volumes in folio, and thirty in quarto illustrated by numerous engravings of royal seals, autographs, &c. On the reverse of each title page is a printed memorandum, indicating the library to which the work is presented. The following is a copy:

RECORD COMMISSION, MARCH, 1840.

THIS BOOK IS TO BE PERPETUALLY PRESERVED IN THE BALTIMORE LIBRARY.

CHARLES PARTON COOPER, ESQ., *Sec'y.*

land: "Rolls and Records from the reign of Richard II, to the reign of Elizabeth," "Proceedings and Ordinances of Privy Council, during the same period;" "Ancient Kalendars and Inventories;" and "Documents and Records for the history of Scotland."

On the subject of the volume before us, we beg leave to quote the British Critic. A lively writer in that able journal has the following remarks: "No one can fail to be pleased with this book, who is at all a lover of antiquity, and has any wish for information respecting the times of our ancestors,—information that he can depend upon. It contains a great store of interesting facts, relating to those times, which have the additional recommendation of being true. This is an important feature in the book, and deserves notice. Sir Francis is often humorous, often philosophical, but he never speaks off the book, though superficial readers might be deceived at first by his manner. His most lively sallies are certain to be based on Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. in the record office, or other documents of equal infallibility. And any one who, presuming on the free and imaginative form in which the author brings out his information, should choose to challenge the solidity of it, would shortly, we have no doubt, find himself dragged through black letter dormitories, and sepulchral repositories of all kinds; or perhaps be treated as the bear was by the Aristotelian student, compelled to swallow some venerable parchment, a treat in its way, but not of the palatable sort."

The manner in which the same reviewer describes the traditional process of transmitting error and misrepresentation, is too good to be omitted. "We have great respect for a writer who always keeps in this way within hail of his facts; especially if, like Sir Francis, he can manage to be authentic and amusing at the same time. It is well known that a contrary habit has prevailed among our historians for some time past; especially those who have treated on this subject—the middle ages. A few selected facts have served for all of them, one after the other, as one of the wittiest writers of the day [*Macauley?*] has most entertainingly shown us, in one or two remarkable instances. First, Mosheim produces a statement from some original source; isolated, perhaps, but still professing to be an original statement. This being done, it is done once and for all, they think. They go on swimmingly after it, and would go on to all eternity,

> Labitur et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum.
>
> It glides, and as it glides, forever will glide on,

if there was no one like the writer we referred to, to call them to account. Robertson, Jortin, White [*Blanco?*], all receive what Mosheim has given them, and hand it over, more or less accommodated to their own views. They show no inclination to enlarge their number of facts; this would be contrary to *their* idea of philosophical history. No; they are quite satisfied, if they can refer to a note somewhere or other, which refers them back somewhere else, whence they would be directed to some other source, how far from or near the original truth itself, they neither know nor care. Meantime, in proportion to their ignorance of facts is their precipitate and unscrupulous use of the few they have. They are merciless in their application of them. One positively is not safe in one's chair from the inferences they are ready to raise on the most paltry and minute premise imaginable. A single fact, under their judicious management, will blow up and change the aspect of a whole world, ancient or modern, as the case may be; or, at any rate, play tremendous work with several centuries, with which it had no sort of connection. This is what we may call the historical lever. It shows what we can effect by the power of machinery, when applied to the manufacture of history; for history, it seems, is to be manufactured in this way, as well as articles of a grosser and more material character. Archimedes wished only for some ground to work from, and he would undertake to move the world with his lever. Two or three well-chosen facts supply this desirable ground to our modern historians. They do not desire more. Give them only these, and with their inferential lever, they will produce the

most astonishing results. They will prove at once, without further ceremony, a whole series of ages to have been all dark, or all enlightened, as they may wish to make out; that all was dark up to a certain time; that then a sudden move took place, a spring was touched, and we became perfectly civilized and enlightened as we should be. In this way the whole history of mankind is speedily disposed of. All from the creation of the world downwards is arranged into three or four grand eras, which succeed each other very conveniently, and all entirely of one character or entirely of another, which makes them easy to remember. If the age be not enlightened, then it is dark; if it is not dark, why then it is enlightened. At this rate we get over the ground quick; in a hop, skip, and jump, we are brought from primeval chaos down to the nineteenth century, and Mr. Pinnock's catechism, which compresses all history into a nutshell, turns out to be no unfair or inadequate abridgement."

Now Sir Francis Palgrave is no reckless and wholesale historian of the class thus graphically described. He is content to take a limited field for his observation, but to survey it well and accurately. He has no theory of his own to carry out, right or wrong; he is satisfied with having collected a suitable body of facts, and with so disposing them as to illustrate in a pleasing and intelligible manner the state of knowledge, government, religion, and society, in the age of which he treats.

Nothing can be more inartificial than the plan of the "Merchant and Friar," nor more simple than the grouping of the figures that compose the picture. The merchant is the famous traveller, Marco Polo, who has found his way to England upon some mercantile speculation; the friar is no other than the celebrated Roger Bacon. They fall in with each other at the hall of the regal abbey of Abingdon, where they are entertained by the abbot and his brethren with all the hospitality characteristic of the time. Marco and his party were travellers, and "travellers from Cathay," a strange land, the details of which are listened to with wonder and delight. A sympathy between intellectual men is natural; Friar Bacon accompanied Marco to London, where he takes him to the places and institutions worth seeing in those days. The heads of the chapters will indicate the principal objects that elicited inquiry;—the "County Election," "Guildhall," "Parliament," and "the Friar's Study." The observations called forth in the visits to these places, are of a profound and striking character, showing that the writer is a philosopher when he chooses it, though he makes no parade of his philosophy. At times he is humorous, not to say satirical. Before proceeding to graver extracts, we may be permitted to entertain the reader with a quotation in a livelier vein. It is one of the "Fictions," spoken of in the title of the book, and the home-truths which it conveys will suit other political latitudes than those of the British Islands. The friar has accompanied Marco to Guildhall, where a criminal is placed at the bar. The accusation opens.

"'William of the palace, thou art indicted as a felon, for that thou hast broken open and robbed the treasury of our lord, the king, at Westminster. How wilt thou be tried?' The culprit was about to speak, when Andrew Horne, a lawyer who had suddenly determined to retain himself for the prisoner, loudly took up the word, and silencing William of the palace by a wave of his hand, exclaimed, 'The culprit wages his law as a freeman of the city of London, as one of the burgesses, to whom it is granted by the conqueror that they should be 'worth' the same law as in the days of good St. Edward. Therefore is he entitled to refute the accusation by the declaration of his friends. Seven shall be the compurgators, chosen and named by the prisoner himself, according to our old Anglo Saxon law. If they all concur in testifying his innocence,—if their oath declare him guiltless, he is quitted forever of the transgression which the king has laid to his charge. This franchise of our city bars the plea of the crown.'"

Even as the candidate who now promises to advocate the abolition of imprisonment for debt, excites the warmest response from

the shirtless multitude; the same being received by them as an "instalment of justice," a part of payment on account of their just demands not to pay any debts at all, so did a shout of applause from the crowd, testify the satisfaction with which the bystanders heard this declaration of their city privileges. This Anglo-Saxon law was a matter in which a great many of them took an interest by no means theoretical, since it afforded, could it be established, a comparatively easy mode of escaping the legal noose.

"An observation of Marco Polo, that possibly Master Andrew might be anticipating the fruition of some good thing in the gift of the worthy citizens, was answered by a knowing nod of unwilling assent from the alderman whom he had addressed. There is a peculiar state of the atmosphere producing a mirage, by which he who, long practised in the management of public bodies, 'doth bend his eye on vacancy,' is enabled to discern the approach of such vacancy of place or office, when the same is still far below the political horizon. Andrew Horne was a seer of this class, and thus, within a short period afterwards, this sturdy and patriotic champion of popular rights was rewarded by the consciousness of his deserts, and—the honorable and lucrative employment of town-clerk of the city.

"Andrew Horne's city law was not, however, suffered to pass unquestioned by the court. 'The right of compurgation which you claim for the prisoner is taken away by the implication arising from the tenor of the assizes of Clarendon, re-enacted at Northampton,' sternly exclaimed the chief justice.

"'Cry your mercy, my lord,' replied Andrew, with firm humility; 'your objection, most humbly do I submit, is wholly nought. London is not specifically noted in the assize. The enactment is in general terms; and it is the franchise of the London citizens that no statute affects their privileges, unless they be therein specially named.'

"'But the culprit, good Master Andrew,' observed the recorder, trying to trim his course accurately between the chief justice, to whom he looked up for promotion, and the common council, to whom he looked down for his salary, 'must be a *full* citizen, and not merely a nominal member of our community. Unless he is actually resident, paying scot and bearing lot with the rest of the ward, he cannot claim these rights. I sincerely hope that the poor fellow at the bar is duly qualified, and I should regret exceedingly if Master Chamberlain were compelled to inform the court that the name of William of the Palace doth not appear upon the Talliage roll.' The hint was not lost upon the chief justice. Search was made upon the roll, and, as may be anticipated, the name of William of the Palace was absent; he had not been rated or assessed to the charge. The want of participation in the civil contribution deprived the culprit of the franchise of the civic community, and he was left to the common law."

The following scene is a graphic description of the law term, "claiming benefit of clergy." Marco Polo and the friar had just entered Guildhall as the sergeants were compelling by main force a manacled criminal to stand at the bar.

"The malefactor had been apprehended in Cheap, in the very act of cutting a purse from the girdle of Sir (*Dominus*) John de Stapleton, vicar general of the bishop of Winchester. Cases of flagrant delict, according to our ancient common law, or, to speak more accurately, according to the law of all nations in the simple stages of society, required no other trial than the publicity or incontrovertibleness of the fact. They proceeded by law in the same manner as the mob do now by impulse, when the pickpocket is dragged through a horse-pond. Open guilt was instantly followed by vengeance. The murderer grasping the deadly weapon, the 'bloody hand' of the violator of the royal forest, the robber bearing his spoil, received at once the punishment of their misdeeds. According to these principles, Sir William de Ormesby [chief justice of the king's bench] intimated to the officers, that as they might—and indeed ought—to have struck off the head of the prisoner before the conduct in Cheap, it was unnecessary thus to give the court the

trouble of passing judgment. 'Let him be hanged upon the elms at Tyburn,' was forthwith pronounced as his doom. Pale and trembling, and suing for mercy, the wretch was taken from the bar, not indeed without exciting some suppressed feelings of compassion in the court. The punishment was evidently disproportioned to the crime; but the maxim of considering that the sentence once denounced by the law was immutable, had practically the effect of stifling the sentiments of humanity.

"Louder and louder became the cries of the miserable culprit as he receded from the judges, and just when the sergeants were dragging him across the threshold, he clung to the pillars which divided the portal, shrieking in a voice of agony which pierced through the hall, 'I demand of holy Church the benefit of my clergy!' Perhaps, in strictness, the time for claiming this privilege had gone by, but the officers halted with their prey, and one of the prothonotaries having hurried to them with a message from Chief Justice Ormesby, the thief was replaced at the bar. During the earlier portion of the proceedings, the kind-hearted vicar general had evidently been much grieved and troubled by his enforced participation in the condemnation of the criminal. Stepping forward, he now addressed the court, and entreated permission, in the absence of the proper ordinary, to test the validity of the claim.

"Producing his Breviary, he held the page close to the eyes of the kneeling prisoner,—he inclined his ear,—the bloodless lips of the ghastly caitiff were seen to quiver. '*Legit ut clericus*,'—he readeth like a cleric, instantly exclaimed the vicar general; and this declaration at once delivered the felon from death, though not from captivity. 'Take him home to the pit,' sued the vicar general, 'where, shut out from the light of day and the air of heaven, he will be bound in irons, fed with the bread of tribulation, and drinking of the water of sorrow, till his sufferings shall have atoned for his misdeeds and expiated his shame.'

"Whatever abuses may have arisen from this privilege,—the 'benefit of clergy,'—which, by the well-known merciful connivance of the law, was (as in the present case) extended to all who could read, or could be supposed to read their 'neck-verse,' we should reject the common, though most erroneous idea, that it was intended to afford an indemnity to crime. The imprisonment, as you have just heard it truly described, was most severe; and though, in some cases, the ecclesiastical immunities mitigated the common law, by saving the life of the offender, yet there were others, in which signal chastisement was bestowed upon those who would otherwise have escaped all retribution.

But a higher principle was developed. In the theory of her criminal jurisprudence, the medieval church had fully and unhesitatingly adopted the wise and truly beneficent doctrine—that punishment is to be inflicted by fallible man upon his fellow creatures, not merely in terror, but in love. Imprisonment, with its accompaniments of hardships and privations, was considered in the light of an ecclesiastical *penance;* not thundered in vengeance for the satisfaction of the state, but imposed for the good of the offender, in order to afford the means of amendment, and to lead the transgressor to repentance and to mercy. From the doors of the dungeon he was to come forth, not as a degraded criminal, but as a pardoned sinner. This was the doctrine of the legislation of the clergy, now the butt and mark for common-place contempt and shallow contumely.

Amid the transmitted misrepresentations of servile copyists, and the rude attacks of party virulence, it is highly honorable to our author's feelings to find him throwing himself into the breach, and defending the cause of the much calumniated hierarchy of the middle ages. After drawing an amusing contrast between the present rage for representing the people, and the reluctance, not to say aversion, with which a call to parliament was in those days of honest simplicity shunned as an infliction of the most grievous kind, Sir Francis Pulgrave continues: "But the nation, thus indifferent to popular suffrage, manfully defended the laws of England, from the old time 'used and approved.'" All preroga-

tives, however important to the sovereign, however calculated to increase his authority, however congenial to his pride and feelings, had, whenever they became a grievance, been restricted, restrained, abolished. Every attempt to exact any tax or tribute beyond the legal rights of the community, was ultimately defeated. The present exertion of arbitrary power always suggested the creation of a barrier against the future abuse; as soon as any weak point in the fortress was discovered, the garrison erected a bulwark to defend it. There was no lack of protectors of popular rights. And where, then, were they to be found?

"Divesting ourselves of modern opinions and prepossessions, an answer can readily be given by consulting the chronicle and the charter. Amongst the 'prelates, Magnates, and Proceres,'" are we to seek for all the real and potential materials of the new popular branch of the legislature. Examine the origin, the position, the influence of the dignified ecclesiastics, and the hierarchy will rise before us as the most democratic element of our old English commonwealth.

"Consider the ancient clergy, in their relation to what may be termed the *individuality* of the country. Much of the value of a popular government consists not, as the demagogue employs it, for the purpose of opposition to authority, but as the means of imparting the benefits and rewards of a well-governed society, in due gradation, to the several ranks and orders of the community. Whatever inequality might subsist in other respects among the people, they meet on equal terms on sacred ground. For the civil or political ennoblement of talent, the way always opened through the Christian hierarchy. The mitre, the cardinal's cap, the tiara itself, fell oftenest on the humblest brow. The church is the surest possession of the people; when they pillage the altar they despoil their own property, they waste their own means, they desolate their own children's inheritance, they rob themselves.

Such an institution was an easy and acceptable path to greatness for the lowest of the low; for among the prelates, who sometimes constituted the most numerous, and always the most influential portion of the great council, the majority had arisen from the humblest rank in society. Were they all truly deserving of their honors? Certainly not. Some, it must be admitted, obtained their advancement by casting aside the real duties of their station, and by making the business of the world their primary object. But this was the sin of the man, not the vice of the hierarchy.*

The most favorite sophism employed by those who seek to attack or vilify existing establishments, whether ecclesiastical or temporal, is to ascribe to institutions the faults of the human individuals who compose the institution, and to maintain, that, by reconstructing the state you can eradicate the abuse. But the stones with which you raise the structure, are infected in the quarry. Pull down and rebuild the edifice as often as you list, change or alter its plan or elevation as much as you please, and the old moral leprosy will streak and fret the new walls as foully and deeply as before. Princes and rulers, magistrates and judges of the earth, are only men; the visible church is composed of men; and, collectively, man's nature is little susceptible of reform. The head spring of evil is inexhaustible. It is an atmosphere which constantly follows and surrounds us. Plant the 'mal seme d'Adamo'—the evil seed of Adam, where you choose, the same bitter fruits will always rise above the ground.'"

In another place he says:—"The Church, as I have observed, and I repeat the observation, is the democratic leaven of our balanced monarchy. It is formed out of the people; it exists for the people. The dignified ecclesiastics of the Church of England were, during the middle ages, always the best, and, not unfrequently, the only advocates of the real interests of the poorest, and, therefore, the most defenceless classes. So have they been, at all times, the means by which the gifts of intellect and intelligence raise the possessor to the

* Again!—"It is a talent cast upon the owner, for which he is awfully responsible. Shame fall upon him if he misuse the gift: but disgrace is his; the gift itself is unstained." p. 228.

highest station in the community, the connecting link between the cottage and the throne."

This view of the hierarchy of the middle ages, and of its claim upon the affections of the lower classes of society, will be strengthened by the following passage from Froude's "Remains." In a sketch of the contest between St. Thomas of Canterbury, and Henry II, of England, he has the following observations.

"The government party at this period, (1160), was made up of two elements,—the clergy, who took the part of Becket, and the higher order of the society, who, in this instance, sided with the king against the church, that, when they had removed this powerful obstacle, they might afterwards fight him single-handed. On the other side, the lower orders were all in their hearts attached to the cause of the church. With our notions, it will doubtless be surprising to find the party who in the twelfth century advocated what are now called high-church principles, maintaining this ground on the affections or common people against a united aristocracy. A modern high churchman has been taught from his youth, to identify the church and the establishment; to suppose that the respectability of the clergy is the result of their connexion and intercourse with the higher classes; and that, in the event of any change which should render the clerical profession distasteful to the wealthy and well connected, the church must necessarily sink into insignificance. Such, however, was certainly not the case in the times now spoken of. The high-church party of the twelfth century endeavored, as much as possible, to make common cause with the poor and the defenceless. Becket always speaks of the poor as *pauperes et parvuli Jesu Christi*—the "little ones of Jesus Christ;" and the condescension, zeal, and love which the prelacy manifested towards them, appear to us incredible. One of Becket's practices,—a practice insisted on by his enemies both ancient and modern, as a proof of his ostentatious sanctity,—the daily custom of washing the feet of thirteen poor men—seems to have been nothing more than was expected from persons in his station. The same thing may be said of his extensive charities, which attracted so little notice at the time, that we might infer, even from this circumstance alone, what we have abundant evidence of from other sources, namely, the commonness of such munificence among those by whom the claims of the church were most strongly upheld.

"A further instance of the patronage which the church afforded to the common people, is distinctly pointed at in the sixteenth article of the Council of Clarendon, which declares, that "The sons of peasants ought not to be ordained without the consent of the Lord, of whose land they are acknowledged to be born the serfs." It is clear from hence that the privileges of the church, which made ordination equivalent to emancipation, were exerted for the benefit of the lower orders, who were thus enabled to emerge from hereditary vassalage, and sometimes even to attain an elevation equal to that of the highest lay nobility. How extensively this system was acted upon, may be inferred from a speech of Henry the II, in which he complains bitterly of the monastic orders for "admitting as brothers such men as tanners and shoemakers, of whom not one ought, even on a pressing necessity, to be promoted to a bishopric or an abbacy." The claim which the church put forward to exclusive jurisdiction in the cases of widows and orphans, was part of the same system, and was also regarded with equal jealousy. Indeed, it is easy to see, that any system which allied the lower orders to the church, would, for that very reason, tend to alienate that nobility from it. And more particularly would the latter feel indignant at a power which intruded itself between them and their vassals, and, in our age, when hereditary distinction was especially valued, took upon itself to dispense with the privileges of birth, often authorizing the peasant to exercise spiritual authority over his lord."

In describing the funeral of a knight, he has the following striking passage:—"The *De Profundis* of the stoled priest spake the universal language adopted by the most

sublime of human compositions—the liturgy of western Christendom:* Though no objects appeared which could awaken any lively curiosity in the traveller, there was much in their very familiarity to excite the sympathy of the wanderer in a foreign land. With an altered tone he said to the friar: 'Saddened is the spirit of the pilgrim by the dying twilight and the plaintive vesper bell. But he who braves every danger for himself, may feel his heart swell within him when the pageant of triumphant death brings to his mind the thought, that those from whom, as he weened, he parted for a little while only, may have been already borne to the sepulchre. Yet there is also a great and enduring comfort to the traveller in Christendom. However uncouth may be the speech of the races among whom the pilgrim sojourns, however diversified may be the customs of the regions which he visits, let him enter the portal of the church, or hear, as I now do, the voice of the minister of the Gospel, and he is present with his own, though alps and oceans may sever them asunder. There is one spot where the pilgrim always finds his home. We are all one people when we come before the altar of the Lord.'"

Speaking of the architectural embellishments of the old palace of Westminster, Sir Francis has the following remarks. "Of these representations many more symbolical or allegorical, and belonging to a date which sometimes strangely puzzles the antiquary, until he learns to read the mystic lore displayed to every observer, and yet concealed. There might be seen emblems of the law and the Gospel: the LAW represented under the semblance of a queen, her crown falling from her tresses; a thick veil covers her downcast eyes, and the broken tables drop from her grasp. Opposite is the emblem of the GOSPEL, a maiden, brightly looking upwards, her head endiademed, the budding lily in her hand. Over the king's throne was a representation of the day of judgment. But the portal opening into the chapel had no other ornament excepting a a vine, which, springing from the impost of the door, spread around, richly filling and most gracefully entwining every moulding and columnette with its flowing branches, its tendrils, its leaves, and its fruit. Each of those embellishments taught a lesson connected with the purposes to which the building was applied. It was the custom of the medieval architects thus to appeal to the imagination, sometimes to the conscience, in the decoration of their edifices, by which they gave a degree of sentiment to their structures which the moderns cannot attain. Allegory constitutes the intellectuality of the esthetic arts: but it is wholly alien to the multitude in our own age. We have no means whereby it can be vernacular. None of the forms, none of the graphic symbols which we can beg or borrow, ever became naturalized. We may be clever mocking-birds, but we have no song of our own."

The following anecdote is new to us. "When the fury of the Bianchi and the Neri ran so high upon the expected intervention of Charles of Valois, there came, as Dius Compagni, the Gonfaloniere and historian of Florence, says, 'a good and holy thought into his mind.'" Summoning by virtue of his office, a general assembly of the citizens in the baptistery of St. John, where every Florentine is christened, he there urged the people to peace and concord. How could they, he asked them, all brethren of one state, joint owners of one noble city, and who had all beneath that dome received the seal of baptism, thus live in perpetual hostility. Upon the holy font which stood before them, and in which they had all been adopted as the children of one common father, he besought them to swear that they would fulfil the pledge of love and charity. Melting into

* "I can see no claim which the prayer book has on a layman's deference, as the teaching of the church, which the breviary and missal have not in a far greater degree."—*Froude's Remains.*

"I do not wonder you should envy the Latin service-books, for any thing more elevating and magnificent than the western ritual is not to be conceived. There is not such another glory upon the earth. It gives to men the tongues of angels; it images on its bosom the attitudes of heaven, and it catches glorious shreds of echo from the eternal worship of the Lamb. It has a language of its own, a language of symbols, more luminous, more mystical, more widely spread, than any other language on the earth. I do not wonder you should envy the Latin ritual."—*Faber's Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches*, p. 614.

tears, they unanimously gave the promise which he required, and promised to put away their enmity forever.

"The argument of the Gonfaloniere contains the only principles, upon which government can be securely founded. Without neglecting, as collateral inducements, to insist upon the temporal blessings which Providence always confers upon those who faithfully seek the paths of peace; still the only mode of insuring our continuance in them, is by looking to the example, and following the precepts, of the great shepherd of mankind."

We close our extracts from Sir Francis Palgrave's very interesting volume with an illustration, which appears to us original.

"New institutions originate just as a path is made in a field. The first person who crosses the grass, makes so slight an impression, that the sharpest eye can hardly discover the harm. After the first passenger, however, other people follow; and within a little while marks of their footsteps begin to be perceivable. Nobody noticed the first foot prints; at what period they became visible, nobody can recollect: but now, there the footsteps are, the grass has changed its color, the depressions are distinct, and they direct other wayfarers to follow the same line. Not long afterwards, the grass is trodden in, and the naked earth is seen; the continuous path is formed. But the path does not continue single; one traveller treads upon the boundary of grass to suit his convenience, another wantonly, a third for want of thought; more footsteps, more bare places. Tracks enlarge the path on either side. At length the trespass has received the sanction of usage, and the owner of the field complains, but the law, however unwillingly, is compelled to pronounce that a public right of way has been acquired, which can never more be denied or closed.

"When this happens, how often and how fruitlessly does the proprietor regret that he did not take due measures for preventing the incursion, by stopping up the incipient path, when he was possessed both of the right and the power. There is a moment when you can warn off the trespassers and stop up the footway; but if once forborne, your power is gone forever. And then, to avoid the breaking down your hedges, and prevent all the mischief you can, you make a style to let the folks go easily over. Take matters quietly, when they have come to this pass, for there is no help. Grudge not what you have lost: save what you can."

SKETCHES FROM BRITISH HISTORY.

NO. III.

BY W. JOS. WALTER, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR THOMAS MORE," ETC.

THE LADYE ELA.

IN the celebrated collection of manuscripts, so rich in records of early English history and biography, known as the "Cottonian collection," and now preserved in the British museum, was a volume entitled, "The Book of Lacock Abbey," to which was appended a tract under the following heading, "Epistles of Sisters Beatrice and Mary, of Lacock Abbey, containing an eulogy of that most noble woman and venerable mother, Ela, Countess of Salisbury, and formerly abbess of the said house." In the destructive fire which in 1731, consumed a portion of these literary treasures, these manuscripts unhappily perished. Fortunately, however, a portion of their contents, and it is to be hoped, not the least valuable, had been transcribed by the in-

dustry of an amateur of the name of Vincent, and these transcripts are preserved in the library of the college of Arms, London. From them have been obtained the following authentic particulars of the Ladye Ela, the mother of a long line of illustrious men and the venerable foundress and abbess of the nunnery of Lacock.

Ela was born in 1188, in the castle of Amesburg, a town about seven miles distant from old Sarum. She had the misfortune to lose her father, Earl William of Salisbury, when only in her ninth year. Until that period, Ela had been reared, not only with religious care, but also in princely state in her native county of Wilts. The earl, her father, was one of the most distinguished subjects of the chivalrous Richard I, and possessed a high place in the royal favor. We find him taking a prominent part in both the coronations of him of the lion heart. At the first, which was solemnized with great state at Westminster, on the 3d of September, 1189, when each of the great earls of the kingdom filled his distinctive post in the ceremony, the earl of Salisbury carried the virga or rod, having a dove upon its summit. At the second, which took place at Winchester, April 18, 1194, after Richard's return from captivity in Germany, he was one of the four earls who bore the canopy over the head of his sovereign. The same year, he was named keeper of the king's charter for the licensing of tournaments throughout the realm, a situation of no mean responsibility in that age of chivalry. One of the five great "steads," or fields appointed for the exercise of tournaments, was situated between Salisbury and Wilton; and on that spot, when a child, the future abbess of Lacock may have first witnessed the gallant but perilous feats of knightly valor, those proud exhibitions of personal courage, and those ambitious attempts to outrival in external splendor, which served as the nurseries of the chivalry of the age.

But while still a child, on losing the protection of her father, this heiress of many fair domains was suddenly snatched from the scenes familiar to her infancy, and subjected to a jealous seclusion in a foreign land. What were the motives of this proceeding, we are left to conjecture. All that is said in the "Book of Lacock" of the captivity of the maid of Salisbury, is this: "Ela being now deprived of both her father and mother, was secretly conveyed into Normandy by her relations, and there brought up in close and secret custody."

And now began the romantic part of the youthful Ela's history. Immediately upon the inquisition held after her father's death, the lands of the minor would, in due course, be taken into the custody of the king, she being a royal ward. But the abstraction of her person might, in all probability, have thrown some difficulty in the way of the inquisition, or the legal proceedings consequent upon the same. The sequel of events arising from these circumstances is highly characteristic of the manners of a court where the minstrel monarch, the lion-hearted Richard, presided over his train of gallant and chivalrous troubadours. An English knight, named William Talbot, undertook to discover the place of the youthful heiress' concealment; the idea being probably suggested by King Richard's own discovery, a few years before, by the minstrel Blondel.

Assuming the garb of a pilgrim, the gallant Talbot passed over into Normandy, and there continued his search, wandering to and fro, for the space of two years. When at length he had found the retreat in which the Lady Ela of Salisbury was detained, he exchanged his pilgrim's dress for that of a harper or travelling troubadour, and in that guise made his way into the court [*curiam*], in which the maiden was detained. As he sustained to admiration his character of a gleeman [*homo jocosus*], and was perfectly versed in the gests, or historical lays, which recorded the doings of former days, the stranger was kindly received, and soon treated as one of the household. A favorable moment was found, and the secret of his visit imparted to the fair detenue. Ela was then in her sixteenth year. Youth is adventurous, and it was not long ere the chivalrous undertaking was accomplished. Beneath the friendly shades of evening they eluded the vigilance of the castle wardens,

and in the disguise of peasants, made their way to the coast. A vessel was found to convey them to England, and, faithful to his trust, the adventurous knight presented the lost heiress to King Richard.

Among the gallant knights who graced the court at this period, there was no one of more winning manners, and at the same time of more lofty bearing than William Longespé [*of the long sword*]. He was the natural son of King Henry II, by the fair Rosamond Clifford, whose melancholy story traditional fate, and storied bower, so dear to the muse of romance, have all contributed to perpetuate that celebrity which her beauty acquired in her own day. It was with such great heiresses as Ela of Salisbury that provision was usually made for the younger offspring of royalty; it is, therefore, easy to conjecture that King Richard would take the earliest opportunity to confer upon his half-brother a provision suitable to his birth. It is probable that the heiress of Salisbury was at once assigned by the royal will, to William Longespé, when the death of her father left her the heiress of his estates and dignity, and while her person was still detained from the king's legal possession. In such case, it requires no effort of the imagination to conceive that the troubadour knight, William Talbot, was not only one whom the king could trust for his loyalty and discretion, but one who felt proud to be numbered among the most devoted friends of the youthful Longespé. Respecting Talbot we have this interesting fact that his name occurs among the witnesses to several of the earl's charters to Bradenstoke abbey; which shows that whether he had been a friend of Longespé from his early youth, or whether he had earned that friendship by his chivalrous services in recovering the person of Ela, he continued, in subsequent years, the faithful retainer of the house of Salisbury.

After the marriage of Ela we have nothing to recount of her for several years, unless it were to enumerate the names of her flourishing family of four sons and as many daughters.

In the year 1220, her name is brought before us on a highly interesting occasion, the ceremony of founding the beautiful cathedral of Salisbury, a noble pile, which still challenges the admiration of every lover of Gothic architecture. Considerable preparations had been making in order to give due effect to the imposing ceremony. The bishop of Salisbury had been led to expect that the king would have honored the solemn occasion by his presence, and that he would have been accompanied by the legate and the archbishop of Canterbury, and many of the nobility of England; he had, therefore, incurred a great expense in order to do the rites of hospitality to all comers, and entertain them in the sumptuous style of that day. But the bishop was disappointed; the king was obliged to be absent in order to attend a negociation then pending with the Welsh at Shrewsbury. The ceremony, however, could not be deferred any longer, the day having been fixed and publicly announced throughout the diocess.

An account of the ceremonies of the day has been left us by William de Wanda, who at the time was precentor, and afterwards dean of Sarum. "On the day appointed, the bishop came with great devotion, few earls or barons of the county attending, many of them being absent with the king; but a vast multitude of the common people crowded thither from all parts. When high mass had been performed at the old cathedral, and the grace of the Holy Spirit invoked in that touching hymn, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, the bishop having put off his shoes, went in procession with the clergy of the church to the new foundation, the litany being sung by all present. After the litany a sermon was preached to the people. The bishop then laid the first stone for our lord, Pope Honorius, who had granted the license for transplanting the church; the second for Stephen, archbishop of Canterbury, and cardinal of the holy Roman Church, who was then with the king in the marches of Wales; and the third for himself. Then the fourth was laid by William, earl of Salisbury [who held that title in right of his marriage], and the fifth by the Countess Ela, a woman whose worth is beyond all praise, being filled with piety

and the fear of the Lord. After her, the few noblemen present added each a stone; then Adam the dean, William the precentor, Henry the chancellor, Abraham the treasurer, and the archdeacons and canons of the church of Sarum, who were present, did the same, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, who wept for very joy, and contributed to the good work according to their ability."

William de Wanda adds, that "several of the earls and barons, on their return from Wales, where service to the king had called them, came and laid the stones reserved for them in this ceremony, binding themselves to contribute an annual sum for the next seven years, towards building the cathedral."

The first visit of the king to the new cathedral, was on the Friday next after Michaelmas, on which occasion he was attended by the judiciary, Hubert de Burgh. The offering made by the king was ten marks of silver, and a rich piece of silk; the judiciary promised for the use of the cathedral, a copy of the Gospels, in the original Greek, bound in gold and ornamented with precious stones. This precious volume was brought the following week by the justiciary's chaplains, Luke, the dean of St. Martin's, London, and Thomas de Kent. The second visit of the king and the judiciary took place on the feast of the Holy Innocents, when the latter offered in person, at the altar, with great devotion, the splendid *Text*, or copy of the Gospels. At the same time, the king, not to be outdone in munificence, took from his finger, a ruby ring of great value, both the gold and stone of which he directed should be applied to the further ornament of the rich cover in which the said copy of the Gospels was encased.

In the spring of 1224, the earl of Salisbury sailed with sixty knights on an expedition to Gascony, which had refused to render homage and fealty to King Henry III. They all landed safely at Bordeaux, on Palm Sunday (April 7), where they were honorably received by the archbishop and citizens. They soon succeeded in reducing the refractory to obedience. In the stormy month of the October following, they set out on their return to England. The voyage was disastrous to the earl, not only on account of the present hardships he encountered, but in its consequences as affecting the peace of the virtuous Ela, and eventually the life of the earl himself. The following is the account of the voyage, as given by Matthew of Paris.

"After the earl had been many days and nights at sea, tossed by the tempest, and despairing of life, as did the sailors themselves, and all that were in the ship, he threw into the sea his precious rings, and whatever he possessed in gold and silver, or valuable raiment, in order that as he entered naked into this temporal life, so, despoiled of all earthly honor, he might pass to his eternal country. But while he was thus despairing of his life, a wax-taper of large size, and shining with great splendor, was seen by all in the ship, resting upon the summit of the mast, and near it they saw standing a maiden of surpassing beauty, who preserved that bright waxen light, shining through the nocturnal darkness, from the violence of the wind and rain. Encouraged by this vision of heavenly brightness, the earl, as well as the whole of the crew, were led to trust that divine aid was vouchsafed to them. While all was amazement, and no one in the ship could conceive what the vision portended, Earl William alone assigned the favor of the benign appearance to the Blessed Virgin Mary; for the earl, on the day when he had been first honored with the belt of knighthood, had appointed a wax-light to stand before the altar of the most blessed mother of God, that it might burn during the mass which was daily wont to be devoutly chanted, together with the canonical hours, in her honor, till its temporal light should be exchanged for that which is eternal.

"When day-light dawned, they made the isle of Rhé, where they landed in their boats. There was a Cistercian abbey in the island, to which the earl sent messengers, requesting that the father abbot would allow him to conceal himself from his enemies within its walls, till a favorable wind should allow him to depart. The abbot kindly consented, and received him and his companions, not only

with hospitality, but with honor. The island was under the charge of Savaric de Maloleone, a chieftain who had good reason to know the earl, he having been of the number of those who formerly devastated the isle of Ely. After staying three days in the monastery, intimation was given him that unless he left before the following morning he would fall into the hands of his enemy. Upon this the earl flew to his ships, and again trusting himself to the winds and waves, continued struggling for nearly three months with the contrary currents of the channel, before he landed in England which was upon the coast of Cornwall and upon Christmas day.

Meanwhile, his friends in England, had despaired of his safety, all but the faithful wife of his bosom, who, though now a matron whose age and dignity should have commanded greater respect, became an object of pursuit to the fortune-hunters of the court. One of the persons who had then the greatest sway in the country, was the justiciary, Hubert de Burgh; a man no less remarkable for his power and prosperity under one king, than for his trials and sufferings under another. This powerful personage, with most indecent haste, put forward Reimund, a nephew of his, as suitor to the presumed widow, the lady of Salisbury; and the youth, entering with a kindred spirit into the interested views of his ambitious relative, at once proceeded to seek an interview with the countess, and, it is said, hesitated not at once to insult her with his personal addresses. Ela, however, like another Penelope, possessed a heart which could not be alienated from her absent lord. When Reimund, with flattering speeches and large promises, was proceeding to open his suit, the Lady Ela, with all the calm dignity natural to her, replied, "that she had lately had the happiness of receiving assurances from persons upon whose report she could rely, that the earl, her husband, was in health and safety; that, even had she been so unfortunate as to lose her lord, she would in no case have received *him* for a husband, the inequality of their rank and station forbidding such a union." She added: "Young man, let me advise you to seek a match elsewhere, and that too of your own choice. As to your present visit, you must be content to know that you have come hither to little purpose." And so Reimund de Burgh, to use a homely proverb, "departed with a flea in his ear."

On the 10th of January, 1225, the earl of Salisbury returned to protect and console the faithful Ela. It was the Saturday after the Epiphany; at the hour of vespers he repaired to the new cathedral to offer thanksgivings to God for his preservation and safe return; and on the Sunday following, himself and Ela were received at the door of the cathedral by a procession of the clergy, who welcomed his return with every demonstration of joy.

On the morrow he proceeded to the king, who was then at Marlborough, by whom he was welcomed in the most cordial manner. He lost no time in making his complaint to Henry, alleging, that while employed in his service in a distant country, the judiciary had sent a man of low birth, who would fain have contracted an adulterous marriage with his wife, he himself being still living. He demanded redress from his sovereign, insinuating that if it were not promptly made, he should be compelled to seek it in person. Upon this, the judiciary who was present, stepped forward and frankly avowed that the fault rested with him. The earl had a heart alive to the precepts of his Divine Master; the hand of forgiveness was extended, and the judiciary was again received into favor. That same day the earl was feasted by the nobleman whom he had pardoned, and the disappointed Reimund is suspected of having caused poison to be mingled in his cup. The year following, this unhappy young man was drowned at Nantes, the horse on which he was riding by the side of the river Loire, having been precipitated down a steep bank into the stream.

The following day, the earl returned to his castle at Salisbury, and took to his bed, grievously sick. His illness increasing, and symptoms of approaching dissolution appearing, he begged the attendance of Richard Poore, the bishop of the city, who was his confessor, that he might receive the con-

solations of the church, as befitted a Christian in his condition. When the bishop entered the bed chamber, bearing in his hands the precious body of the Saviour, the earl by one of those extraordinary efforts which sometimes precede dissolution, started from his bed, having nothing around him but the sheet in which he was wrapped. He caused a coarse cord to be tied around his neck, and prostrated himself upon the floor bathed in his tears, declaring that he was the last of sinners, and a traitor to his God. In this humble posture he insisted upon making his confession, nor could he be prevailed upon to be replaced in his bed, till he had, in the same suppliant posture, received the body of his Redeemer. During the whole of the following day he persevered in acts of the deepest penitence, and on the evening of the third day, Saturday the 7th of March, 1226, placidly yielded up his soul into the hands of his Maker. To quote the words of De Wonda, "his body was brought from the castle, amidst the tears and deep sighs of many, and borne along to its last resting place, on the very same day and at the same hour on which, exactly eight weeks before, he had been welcomed back in triumph to this beauteous new cathedral. On the morrow, being Sunday, he was honorably buried in the new chapel of the Blessed Virgin, there being present, the bishops of Sarum and Winchester, and a bishop of Ireland, a visitant there, William Marshall, earl of Pembroke, William de Mandeville, earl of Essex, and the barons Robert de Veteripont, Hugh de Gurnay, and Ralph de Tsarri, with a great multitude of knights.

The splendid monument raised to his memory by the munificent piety of his beloved and faithful Ela, was, till of late years, to be seen in the chapel of the Virgin, of whose patronage and favor he had esteemed himself so eminently the object; when, alas for cathedral improvements! in the year 1790, it was removed to its present situation in the nave of the church. The appearance of this "son, brother, and uncle of kings," to judge from his martial figure in grey marble, sleeping, as it were, from century to century, with his sword and lion-defended shield at his side, must have been singularly manly and commanding.

The following items are selected from the earl's will: "In order to satisfy for prizes unjustly taken to my use, in war, the moiety of the proceeds of the lands of Bigod; the other moiety to reward those who have served me; except the manor of Oakley, from which I assign two hundred marks to the new building of the cathedral of Salisbury. *Item*, I assign to the building of the HOUSE OF GOD AND PLACE (*Locus Dei*) of the Carthusian order, all the profits of the lands of Campvill. *Item*, I assign to the same house a chalice of gold beautified with emeralds and rubies; a pix of gold with pearls, and two silver cruets, the one gilt, the other plain; also its great chapel furniture, namely, a chasuble of purple satin, and a cope for the choir of purple satin; a dalmatic of saffron silk well-wrought, an alb with ornaments, an amice, a stole, and reliquary. *Item*, to the house of St. Mary of Banthwood, my feast-day chapel furniture, which I have been used to carry about with me. And also to the same house my book called Portehois, or Breviary of Prayers."

To return to the Ladye Ela. Having rendered all the necessary honors to the memory of her heroic and pious consort, she was determined to maintain her independence in what was then termed, in legal language, "a free widowhood; devoting herself, in the first place, to the education of her children, and after that to the service of God, during the remainder of her days upon earth."

We now approach the period of the foundation of Lacock nunnery. We quote from the Book of Lacock. "Ela had now survived her husband seven years in the state of widowhood. She had frequently proposed to herself to appropriate a portion of her ample means in founding monasteries to the honor of God, and to promote the salvation of her soul, and that of her husband; and at length she was directed in a vision to build a monastery in honor of the blessed Mary and of St. Bernard, in a pleasant meadow, near Lacock. Accord-

ingly, on the 16th of April, 1232, when in the forty-fifth year of her age, she founded two monasteries on one and the same day; in the morning, that of Lacock, in which holy canonesses might dwell, continually and most devoutly serving God; and in the afternoon, the priory of Henton, of the Carthusian order. These two places are about fifteen miles apart."

In the foundation of her nunnery, the countess Ela had undertaken a task which, for a season, was as much calculated to add to her employments, as it afterwards contributed to her repose. To the religious cares attendant on the formation of a religious community, and the arrangements necessary for their pious government, was added the disposition of adequate revenues for their support, and the due fulfilment of those legal forms which the laws of the country required. The first and most important of these forms was, of course, the countess' own foundation charter; but this it was deemed necessary to fortify by others in confirmation, obtained from her son, now of age, from the rector of Lacock, from the bishop of the diocess, and from the king.

By her foundation charter, the countess Ela gave to God and the blessed Mary, her whole manor of Lacock, with all its appurtenances, rights, and free customs, to found an abbey thereon, which she wished should be called *Locus Beatæ Mariæ*, or St. Mary's Place. This name, it will be remarked, is in correspondence with her husband's foundation of Carthusians, which he had called *Locus Dei*, God's Place. The remainder of the charter states, that the manor was to be held by the abbess and nuns "in free and perpetual alms," and therefore released from every secular exaction, due either to the king, or her heirs.

The charter of her son William Longespé merely recites his mother's charter, and ratifies the same. The vigilance with which the monastic societies were accustomed to solicit these confirmatory deeds, from the hands of the heirs of their original benefactors, is demonstrated in numerous instances; and its necessity is shown in several cases of their early history, in which a fierce and graceless youth seized again upon his ancestral estates, or refused to deliver what his father had bestowed upon his death-bed.

The chain of legal documents for the foundation of the abbey being thus completed, the pious work was carried forward with vigor, and ample provision was made for the permanent support of the nuns serving God at Lacock.

The first canoness who received the veil in this establishment was Alicia Garinges, who appears to have presided over the house during the eight years that elapsed after its foundation, at which period its religious government was assumed by Ela herself. After having performed the duties of a good mother, in watching as well over the temporal as the spiritual welfare of her children, she at length yielded to the stronger impressions of religious feeling, and retiring from all connection with the cares of life, and the duties of her high station, left the stately halls of her fathers, and repaired to the religious seclusion in the forest of Chippenham. The brief particulars recorded of her taking the religious habit are these: that it took place on Christmas day, in the year of our Lord, 1238, in the seventh year after the foundation of the house of Lacock, and in the sixty-first year of her age, she "having in all her actions and designs been constantly dependent on the counsel and aid of Edmund, archbishop of Canterbury, and other discreet men."

The following particulars of the profession of a nun, are taken from a MS. of this period, preserved in the British Museum, and may not be unacceptable in this place.

"If any seek to be admitted into the order, in the way of charity, the lady abbess standing, or sitting in a chair at the grate, with the whole convent in their full habit standing about her, shall bid her say what her wish is, in presence of all the convent. This being heard, if the number of the sisterhood be complete, she shall say: 'We may receive none over the number limited in our rule.' If the number be not complete, she shall say: 'none may be proposed in this order, before a whole year of sufficient probation; nor, after their profession, can they change to another order.'"

"If she still desire to be admitted to the

year of proof, the abbess shall examine her, by inquiring how long she has had an intention of entering this order, and whether she be moved thereto of herself, or by any other person; secondly, if she be free of all worldly bonds, that is, of debt, borrowage, service, bondage, ban of the church, wedlock, contract, even to any other order, heresy, or such like; also, if she desire to enter a religious life purely for the glory of God, and not from any sickness or bodily infirmity, nor compelled by any shame, pain of worldly adversity, or such like. And after this she shall speak to her of what is to be endured in this order, that is, contempt of the world, the forgetting of parents, of relatives, and of all worldly friendships, except as the rule permits, and the church has determined; add to this, much fasting, early rising, long watching, daily labor, strict silence, long service, the lowest place, hard commands of the mother abbess, ready obedience, renunciation of her own will, patience in sufferings, endurance of sharp corrections, and such like; all of which may be lightly borne for a time, but when continued through a whole life, is hard work to some. If she give not her free assent to all this, then shall the abbess respectfully discontinue any further conference.

"If the abbess shall think her disposed to a religious life, she shall test her ability in voice, singing, and reading. This known, she shall bid her wait for an answer, which shall be given at some convenient time, when she has communed with the sisterhood upon the same, from whom, in such cases, she may conceal nothing, either from fear or favor, or from the threats of any one, of what power or dignity soever he may be.

"After this, the convent being convened in the chapter house, the abbess shall ask of each sister, in order and by name, beginning at the eldest, whether they wish the applicant to be admitted to the year of proof, or not; and if the graver party answer 'nay,' and assign cause for the same, the abbess, in presence of all the convent, or a majority of the same, shall give her a decided but gentle answer, and bid her go in peace.

"If the graver party consent to have her admitted to the zeal of proof, the abbess shall address in such words as these: 'Daughter, you have just cause to render thanks to God. I have consulted with my sisters, and find them satisfied as to the goodness of your intentions, and favorable to your wishes.' And then she shall add; 'In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of his most holy mother, our lady the blessed Mary, of St. Bridget, St. Augustine, and of all the saints, and in the name of my whole sisterhood, and in my own name, I admit you to your year of proof, according to the tenor of that rule of St. Augustine. Go, therefore, and make trial of your strength, by observing as far as you may the said holy rule, during the course of three months, after which term, come to us again, and, in the meantime, we shall take further deliberation respecting you."

Upon hearing this, the applicant shall render thanks to God, and to all the congregation, and after this she shall go with her forehead covered and with downcast look, anticipating her future obedience to the abbess. Before she is dismissed, let her be again reminded, 1. to bear in mind the time appointed for her return; 2. to demean and prove herself during this interim, observing the rule as well as she may, at least in part; 3. to speak with the general confessor as to the state of her interior. The abbess shall conclude with some words of advice, rather sharply uttered, to test her patience and obedience; and shall read over to her such points of the rule and statute, as more immediately concern her person, that she may not afterwards plead ignorance on these heads. In the meantime, the abbess may inquire, or cause diligent inquiry to be made of such persons as know her, relative to her general life and conversation; desiring, if it be deemed advisable, written testimonials of the same.

"When she presents herself a second time, the abbess shall examine her, and repeat what is laid down in the rule."

If the applicant kept her year of proof in the outer court of the establishment, and was not able to defray her board, schooling

and other expenses, they were to be found her by the monastery.

The ceremony of being received into the sisterhood, at the expiration of the term required, was termed "quitting the year of proof." The abbess and convent proceeded to the grate, where the novice was kneeling without. The abbess thus addressed her: "What do you desire?" She answered; "I ask, in the name of charity, that I may be received to live with you in this congregation all the days of my life." Then the abbess, if she think proper, shall shortly recapitulate to the novice what was told her on her entering upon the year of proof, and conclude by expressing her satisfaction at the manner in which the duties of that year had been complied with.

Previous to the ceremony of profession, for the performance of which the presence of a bishop was required, the sextoness was to arrange a bier, covered with a layer of fresh earth, placing thereon a cross of smooth lath, and setting it before the door. The novice was to be professed in her own dress, and not in borrowed finery; and before being presented to the bishop to be consecrated, her hair was to be cut off by the lady abbess, in the manner prescribed, which was as follows. The abbess was to repair to the grate with some of the sisters, either after our Lady's mass or complin, or at any other time most convenient; the sextoness bringing holy water, a fair kerchief, and a pair of scissors. The window of the grate being opened, and the hair of the novice being dressed becomingly behind her head, the abbess sprinkled holy water upon her, saying: "*Aqua benedicta sit tibi salus et vita, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti;*" the community answering *Amen.* And then, while the abbess cut off her hair, the sisterhood ranged on each side, sang alternately the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus;* other responses and prayers closed the ceremony.

On the day of profession, all the canonical hours were performed before high mass; and when the bishop had entered the sanctuary, four sisters, appointed by the abbess, brought in the bier, of which mention has been made, and set it down before the professing novice; and having made a reverence towards the high altar, turned again into the monastery, the door being closed after them.

When the bishop came to the door, he found the novice kneeling without. He addressed her in these words: "Art thou free and unfettered by any bond of the Church or of wedlock, of vow, or of excommunication?" To whom she was to answer: "I am entirely free." The bishop then added: "Doth not shame, or some secret grief, or the pressure of worldly calamity, or debt, induce thee to adopt a religious life?" She shall answer (from a scroll in her hand, if her memory serve not): "I am come hither, moved neither by grief nor shame, but by a fervent love of God; and I have already paid all my debts to the best of my power. The bishop further added: "Dost thou seek admission into this order in the name of Jesus Christ, the great spouse of souls, and in honor of his most holy mother, the Blessed Mary?" She replying: "I so seek it," the bishop conducts her into the Church, saying: "Behold, she now worthily enters this order." At her entrance, a red banner was carried before her, on one side of which was painted the image of the Virgin Mary; that the new bride, on contemplating the sign of her spouse suffering on the cross, might learn patience and poverty, and looking upon the Virgin Mother, might learn chastity and humility.

"When brought into the church, she was placed near the door, and the bishop proceeded to consecrate her ring;* after which, approaching the novice, he said: 'Pledge thyself to God, and to me in his behalf, that thou wilt obey thy prelates and superiors, and live according to the rule of St. Augustine, until the end of thy life.' The novice replies: 'I, Sister [Ela], do hereby make my profession, and promise obedience to Almighty God, and the Blessed Mary, ever a virgin, to St. Augustine and St. Bernard, and to thee, the bishop on their behalf, and to our good mother, the abbess, and her successors, to live a life of poverty and chastity, according to the rule

* For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
And virgin choirs her hymenials sing.—*Pope.*

of St. Augustine, even until the day of my death.'

"After some further prayers and responses the bishop placed the ring upon her right hand, and then proceeded to sing the mass of the Holy Trinity. At the offertory the costume of the convert was brought to the altar upon a salver, and the bishop blessed it with prayer. The novice then put off her shoes, scarf, and ornaments, and walked barefoot to receive from the prelate's hand her consecrated habit. She then put on her conventual shoes; which act, as well as those of covering her head with the fillet, fitting on her mantle, and putting on her hood, were each accompanied by prayer and blessing by the bishop. Lastly, upon placing upon her head the veil, the handmaid of the Lord having knelt down and received the bishop's final benediction, is received within, and the grate is closed."

It was on the 15th of August, 1240, the feast of the Assumption, that Ela, after having previously fulfilled in all strictness the rules of her order, assumed the government of the abbey she had founded. The Book of Lacock states that she was then constituted the *first* abbess; we may, therefore, conclude that the constitution of the society was not fully completed till that year, nor probably the whole of the conventual buildings; but that this important step was the crowning stone of the pious work.

The ceremonies of the consecration of an abbess are described in the "Pontificale," a splendid volume preserved in the library of Salisbury Cathedral. We give an extract or two, illustrative of the ceremonies following the election.

"The election being thus completed, the chantress solemnly intoned the hymn, *Te Deum laudamus*, which the sisters chanted, in alternate choir, to the end. The abbess elect was then conducted by the elder sisters to the choir, where she prostrated herself before the altar, and so remained till the end of the prayers, the concluding one of which was the following: 'Almighty and Eternal God, have mercy upon this thy servant, and according to thy clemency, direct her in the way of eternal salvation; that by thy grace she may desire what is pleasing in thy sight, and pursue it with all zeal and diligence. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.' This done, the officiating minister shall proclaim the election to all the people, when all the bells shall be rung for joy.

"After the mass of the Annunciation had been solemnly sung, during the offertory, the abbess elect having made her offering, and communicated at the close, the bishop proceeded to the ceremony of installation. The *Te Deum* was chanted, and the church bells rang the moment she had taken her seat in the richly ornamented stall. The sisters then formed in procession, and two by two approached the stall, knelt before the abbess, and kissed her hand. After this she was conducted by the bishop to the chapter house, where, seated on his right hand, she received the sisters who were ranged in order. The book of the rules and constitutions of the monastery, was brought and placed upon her lap, when, two by two, the sisters approached her, laid their right hands upon the book, and repeated separately: 'I, Sister *N. N.*, solemnly pledge myself to the abbess of this monastery, to observe obedience after the rule of St. Augustine.' To whom the abbess, taking the sister's hands and joining them in her own, thus answered: 'And I admit thy obedience. In the name of the Father,' &c. When all this had been done in due form, the bishop and his attendant clerics went out in the same order they came, the sisters following him in procession to the door, and then receiving his blessing."

Though the countess of Salisbury had quitted the world, relinquishing her temporal for a spiritual dignity, yet we find her pious solicitude for the welfare of her children in no wise abated in her religious retreat. In 1256, a fatal event which befel William, the hope of her family, came to embitter for a season the hours of her meditation. Among the evil consequences of the chivalry displayed in the tournaments of these days, was the not unfrequent loss of life among the combatants; nor could the efforts made by many prudent men and pious churchmen control these ebullitions of the martial spirit of the times. During the

Whitsuntide festivities of 1256, jousts were held at Blythe, in Nottinghamshire, where the Lord Edward, eldest son of King Henry III, first began to give proofs of his chivalrous spirit. In this "mimic war," divers were overthrown and maimed, and among others, William de Longespé was so severely bruised that he died shortly after in the flower of his age. The following year there was another "passage of arms," in the same field of tournament, in which Roger Bigod, earl of Norfolk, grandson of the countess of Salisbury, was so severely hurt that he died the year following of the injuries received.

Thus was Ela deprived by death of both her son and grandson. Nor were these the only trials of her maternal affections; the year previous to the death of her eldest son, she had lost her daughter Isabella, Lady Vescy; and in the last year of her life she was preceded to the tomb by her son Stephen, whom she caused to be interred in her favorite abbey of Lacock, erecting over his remains, a handsome memorial of maternal affection. So that of all her family, she left only two sons and two daughters surviving, one of whom, Richard, canon of Salisbury, died the year after her.

The five last years of Ela's life were spent in perfect retirement, she having abstracted herself even from the peaceful rule of the monastery she had founded. The Book of Lacock records, that after having for eighteen years "strenuously governed the flock committed to her charge,* most devoutly serving God, and maintaining a life of close seclusion, in fastings, watchings, holy meditations, severe self-discipline, and other good and charitable works; and, at length perceiving that old age had come upon her, and such weakness as prevented her from benefitting her order, she retired from the government of the house, appointing Beatrice of Kent, as abbess in her place. This was on the last day of the year 1256, and in the seventieth year of her age. And thus she survived for nearly five years after, released from every care."

* *Strenue gubernavit.* Matthew of Paris applies to her an expression not less vigorous, "*non muliebriter gubernavit.*"

And yet, even in this closing stage of her career, we find her earnestly soliciting from the king, important benefits for the foundation which held the chief place in her affections. The convent had been deficient in fire-wood, and one among the grants of the monarch consisted of forty acres of woodland, from Melksham forest, "granted to the earnest request of our beloved kinswoman, ELA, FOUNDRESS OF THE HOUSE OF LACOCK."

At length, "in the seventy-fourth year of her age, on the 24th of August, 1261, yielding up her soul in peace, she rested in the Lord, and was most honorably interred in the choir of the monastery." Among the entries in the Book of Lacock, the following should not be omitted: "To three poor persons on the eve and day of the profession of the Lady Ela Longespé, to each of them daily, in bread, drink, and meat, 2*d* worth." "To the poor, on the feast of St. Bartholomew, the apostle, for the soul of the Lady Ela Longespé, eight bushels of corn, worth 5*s.* 8*d.*, and sixteen chuses, or *allaces* [dried fish], worth 8*s.*" "For forty-four pounds of wax, for twenty-five candles daily lighted throughout the year [during the mass for the dead], about the tomb of the Lady Ela Longespé, the foundress, at 7*d.*,—1*£.* 5*s.* 8*d.*"

Among the bequests to this convent is the following very touching one; "Bequeathed to the abbey of Lacock, the manor of Shorewall, in the isle of Wight, by Amicia, countess of Devon, and 'Ladye of the Isle;' *together with her heart to her daughter Margaret, a nun at Lacock.*" The deep and hallowed feeling under the influence of which a mother bequeathed her heart, to rest near that daughter, whom she had resigned in this world to be devoted to the service of religion, can be better conceived than described.

The reception within the walls of the abbey, in the year 1297, of the heart of the aged Nicholas Longespé, bishop of Salisbury, the last surviving son of the foundress, is another instance of pious affection.

We learn that the abbey maintained three priests for the daily celebration of divine services, and one discreet and learned priest,

the general confessor to the convent, and the teacher and preacher of God's word.

The last abbess of Lacock was Johanna Temys, who continued to preside till the dissolution of the house in 1539, when it was surrendered, with so many others, into the unhallowed grasp of Henry VIII. The fatal document is still preserved among the records in the Augmentation office. The surrender was made on the 21st of July, before John Tregonwell and William Peter, clerks in chancery, and is ratified by the common seal of the abbey. Besides the abbess and the prioress, there were fifteen other nuns, at the time of what was qualified by the gentler term of "surrender."

We have thus traced the annals of Lacock abbey to the time when that royal exemplar of all that was most ruthless in tyranny—all that was most inexorable in revenge—all that was most loathsome in lust—all that was most sordid in avarice—HENRY VIII, bearing, as in mockery, the absurd title of *Defender of the Faith,* smote throughout the kingdom those unnumbered beautiful edifices, which had so long subserved the cause of piety, learning, hospitality and charity. The stern mandate went forth—*Down with them, even unto the ground!* and the effects of that mandate are still before our eyes. In the majesty of silent desolation, they still hallow the romantic vallies, and secluded spots over which their august and venerable fragments are strewn.

Among those monuments of the piety of our forefathers, Lacock has preserved, in an almost perfect form, the cloisters, the cells of the nuns, its rich Gothic windows, and ivied chimneys: the church only has disappeared. In the cloisters, which are as fresh, as if from the architect's hand of yesterday, is preserved the monumental stone that covered the remains of Ela; it was removed from near the altar of the destroyed choir, and has the following inscription, in the jingling verse of the time.

Infra sunt defossa Elæ venerabilis ossa,
Quæ dedit has sedes, sacras monialibus ædes,
Abbatissa quidem, quæ sancte vixit ibidem,
Et comitissa Sarum, virtutum plena bonarum.

The venerable Ela sleeps below,
The foundress of these walls and abbess too,
And Salisbury's countess; full of years, and blest
With store of virtuous deeds, she sank to rest.

The holy ritual of that religion which Ela loved and cherished, has been retained within these walls, to which it is kindred. The late dowager countess of Shrewsbury was a resident here for a number of years, and a branch of her family still possesses this beautiful domain. In the year 1806, the Rev. George Witham, the countess' chaplain, an ecclesiastic possessed of every amiable virtue, compiled and printed with his own hands a short "History of Lacock Abbey." This small quarto is a literary curiosity of great rarity. The present sketch is indebted to it in more instances than one.

One word more respecting the dissolution of this religious retreat, and we have done. The hypocritical formality with which the imperial robbery, planned and executed by the sacrilegious avarice of Henry VIII and his hungry minions, would awaken no other feeling than that of virtuous indignation, did not the humble and uncomplaining submission of the helpless inmates of its walls, demand our tears also. Let us picture to ourselves the scene exhibited at the time of this iniquitous visitation, executed by men interested in doing the will of their employers, in defiance of every feeling of justice and humanity. The "commissioners," as they were termed, appear to have been men whose consciences "were seared as with a hot iron." Let us look at their method of proceeding in reference to the house whose history we are sketching; and *ex uno disce omnes.* One story told will serve for all the rest.

The arrival of a party of stern-looking men is announced to the abbess and her startled sisters. The reckless bearing and authoritative tone of the visitants betoken their purpose. Thus are the commissioners, "men dressed in a little brief authority," and ready

"To play such tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep."

No previous intimation had been given of the fearful visit, and all is doubt, fear, and

consternation. The abbess and her whole community are summoned before the visitors in the chapter house. Having hurried to the altar, and poured forth a hasty prayer together, perhaps for the last time, we may conceive them standing in silent submission before their cold and subtle inquisitors. The fatal instrument of surrender has been already prepared. Its purport is, that the abbess and her nuns "*of their own will and free consent*, and without any compulsion, did, out of pure conscience, resign forever FOR THE KING'S USE, their whole property and possessions;" we use the very terms that disgrace many an instrument of the kind, and this instrument the poor sisters were compelled to confirm, in consideration of the beggarly pittance doled out to them in their destitution!

Any thing like remonstrance, complaint, or refusal, was sternly interdicted. But this was tolerable: the worst was yet to come. Crimes were alledged against them, such as would blanch the cheek of womanhood to hear. The wolf can readily find charges when the lamb is accused. A long catalogue of alledged crimes, but unaccompanied by a shadow of proof, shocks the ear of the reader. Malignity "will sometimes overleap itself;" this list of enormities is so evidently exaggerated, as to excite in every virtuous bosom instant indignation at their falsehood. From the disgusting pages of a Speed, a Foxe, and others, where these atrocities are recorded in cold blood, without the slightest intimation of a proof, or of the necessity of one, we turn away with no reply but that of indignant silence!

We said that all remonstrance on the part of the sufferers was forbidden. It was so: but, despite this command, we find one calm dispassionate appeal upon record, so touching and so natural, that we must not withhold it from the reader. The writer is the abbess of that very convent, Godstow,* in Oxfordshire, where the beautiful but unfortunate mother of the first noble Longespé, fair Rosamund, had her tomb.

Letter of the Abbess of Godstow to Crumwell.

May it please your honor, with my most humble duty, to be advertised, that, whereas, it pleased your lordship to be the very mean to the king's majesty for my preferment, most unworthy as I am to the abbess of this the king's monastery of Godstow; in which office I trust I have done the best in my power towards the maintenance of God's true honor, with all truth and obedience to the king's majesty. I was never moved nor desired by any creature, in the king's behalf, or in your lordship's name, to surrender and give up the house; nor was I ever minded, or intended so to do, otherwise than at the king's gracious command, or yours; to which I have ever, and will submit myself most humbly and obediently. I trust to God, that I have never offended God's laws, or the king's, whereby

* The following beautiful lines on the ruins of Godstow nunnery, were written by Dr. Markham, archbishop of York, when at Oxford:

Qua nudo Rosamonda humilis sub culmine tecti
  Marmoris obscuri servat inane decus;
Rara intermissæ circum vestigia molis,
  Et sola in vacuo tramite porta labat;
Sacræ olim sedes rignæ convallis in umbra,
  Et veteri pavidum religione nemus.
Pallentes nocturna ciens campana sorores,
  Hinc matutinam sæpe monebat avem;
Hinc procul in media tardæ calignis hora,
  Prodidit arcanas arcta fenestra faces.
Nunc muscosa extant sparsim de cespite saxa,
  Nunc muro avellunt germen agreste boves.
Fors et tempus erit, cum tu, Rhedycina, sub astris
  Edita, cum centum turribus ipsa rues.

Where now those roofless walls give scanty room,
Fair Rosamund, to guard thy simple tomb;
Where by the fragments scattered on the floor
We trace the chancel's site, now seen no more;
Fair Godstow towered amidst the forest shade,
By our forefathers' faith how awful made!
How oft its bell, that tolled the hour of prime,
Awoke the matin lark before his time;
And through tall windows streamed its tapers bright,
Seeming to chide the tardy-footed night.
Now moss-grown ruins totter to their fall,
And the kine crop the grass upon the wall.
And shall thy fate be such, Oxonia! must
Thy hundred towers thus crumble in the dust?

Might we not add in regard to this venerable seat of learning, and more especially in reference to the present religious indications there, the following:

Then didst thou *fall*, when in ill-omened hour,
The hand of reformation marred thy bower:
Thy *rise* shall be, when error's voice shall cease
To haunt thy walls; and unity and peace,—
The peace of heart by free submission won,
When pride is self-subdued and duty done,—
Shall to thy mother her lost child restore,
To ROME, who yearns to clasp that child once more;
To interchange fond vows, too long unknown,
And with her glories interweave thine own.

W.

this poor monastery ought to be suppressed. Yet, notwithstanding this, my good lord, so it is, that Dr. London, who, as your lordship well knows, was against my promotion, and has ever since borne me great malice and grudge, like my mortal enemy, is suddenly come to me, with a great rout with him, and doth threaten me and my sisters, saying that he hath the king's commission to suppress this house, in spite of my teeth. And when he saw that I was content that he should do all things according to his commission, and showed him plainly that I would never surrender into his hands, he being my ancient enemy. Now he begins to treat me, and to inveigle my sisters, one by one, otherwise than ever I heard tell that the king's subjects have been handled; and here tarrieth and continueth, to my great cost and charge, and will not take my answer that I will not surrender till I know the king's gracious command, or your lordship's. I do, therefore, most humbly beseech you to continue my good lord, as you ever have been; and to direct your honorable letters to remove him hence. Whensoever the king's gracious command, or yours, shall come to me, you shall find me most ready and obedient to follow the same. And notwithstanding that Dr. London, like an untrue man, hath informed your lordship, that I am a spoiler and a waster, your good lordship shall know that the contrary is the truth; for I have not alienated one ha'pworth of the goods of this monastery, movable or immovable; but have rather increased the same, never having leased any farm or piece of ground belonging to this house, otherwise than had been done in times past, always under the convent seal, for the weal of the house. And, therefore, my very trust is, that I shall find the king as gracious lord to me, as he is to all other his subjects, seeing I have not offended; and am, and will be, most obedient to his gracious commands at all times, by the grace of Almighty Jesus, who ever preserve you, in honor long to endure to his pleasure. Amen.

Godstow, the 5th day of November.

Your most bounden beadswoman,

KATHARINE BULKELEY, *Abbess there.*

Surely no better proof is wanting than the above letter of the integrity of this spirited woman, and that of the sisters of her society; nor could a better proof be exhibited of the hard measures and worldly craftiness to which she, as well the other religious of that day, was exposed. Of what description of persons many of those commissioners were, we have a specimen in this very Dr. London, who could insult in her sorrows a virtuous and high minded woman, and whom we afterwards find convicted of perjury, and exposed to public scorn and degradation.

The measures of the commissioners were imperative, and sometimes, as was the case at Reading and Glastonbury, they proceeded to the extreme penalty of death, on a charge of high treason.* On the other hand, if they recommended the religious to the king's favor, it was in consideration *of their readiness to yield* to the imperial mandate!

The following letter of the prior of Hinton, addressed to his brother in London, presents the picture of a mind hesitating between a sense of duty, and the terrors of arbitrary power.

"THUS:—In our Lord Jesus shall be your salvation. And whereas you marvel that I and my brethren do not freely and voluntarily give and surrender up our house at the motion of the king's commissioners, but stand stiffly, and, as you think, obstinately in our opinion; truly, brother, I marvel greatly that ye think so; but rather, that you would have thought us light and hasty in giving up that thing, which it is not ours to give, being dedicated to Almighty God for service to be done to His honor continually, together with many good deeds of charity, which are daily done in this house to our Christian neighbors. And considering that there is no cause given by us, why the house should be put down, but that the service of God, religious conversa-

* The following are notices extracted from Cromwell's private memoranda:

Item.—The abbot of Reading to be sent down *to be tried and executed* at Reading, with his accomplices.

Item.—The abbot of Glastonbury to be tried at Glaston, *and also to be executed* there, with his accomplices.

tion of the brethren, hospitality, alms deeds, with all other our duties, are as well observed in this poor house, as in any religious house in this realm, or in France; which things we trusted that the king's grace would consider. But, because you write of the king's high displeasure, and my lord privy Seal's, who ever hath been my special good lord, and I trust yet will be, I will endeavor as much as I may to persuade my brethren to a conformity in this matter; so that neither the king's highness, nor my said good lord, shall have any cause to be displeased with us; trusting that my poor brethren, who know not where to have their living, may be charitably looked upon. Thus our Lord Jesus preserve you in grace." ED. HORD.

Hinton, the 10th day of February.

To his brother Allen Hord in the middle temple.

The following is a list of the inmates of Lacock Abbey, at the time of the dissolution, and of the annual pensions assigned them. To Johanna Themys, abbess, £40: to Elenor Monmouth, prioress, £5; to Anne Brydges, Amy Patsall, Ellen Bennet, £4 each; to Margaret Leggetton, Elizabeth Wylson, Elizabeth Baynton, Agness Bygner, and Margaret Welshe, £3 6*s.* 8*d.* each; to Johanna Marshall, and Elizabeth Wye, £3 each; to Elenor Basdale, and Anne Trace, £2 13*s.* 4*d.* each; and to Scholastica Hewes, Elenor Maundrel and Thomasina Jerves, £2 each.

The imagination may faintly conceive, but what language can adequately express, the feelings of forlorn destitution which must have weighed down the hearts of these poor women, some of them, perhaps, having sacrificed friends and expectations in life, and now to find themselves turned adrift, to seek where they might a sojourn, till earth should receive their ashes.

Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon:
The world was all before them, where to seek
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

A LETTER ON PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

DEAR ——,

IN compliance with your request, I hasten to explain the nature of our belief in the doctrine of purgatory, or a middle state of souls; and to show you our reasons for praying for the souls of the faithful therein detained. Of all the doctrines of the Catholic Church, there is perhaps no one, if we except confession, less generally understood, and more misrepresented than that of purgatory; and yet why should it be so? Is it not a consoling belief, a cheering thought, that though the cold grave has closed over the countenance on which we once loved to gaze,—though the eye that once sparkled with all the joy of a fond father's or a loving mother's heart, is now bedimmed in death, and we hear no longer the endearing accents of a parent's, a brother's, a sister's, or a child's voice, we can still follow them beyond that grave into the very regions of eternity,—that we can go in spirit in search of those cherished objects before the throne of God; and if we find them not enthroned in all the splendor of the Deity, we can search and find them advancing towards the land of eternity, in a state of temporary probation, preparing for their entrance into the promised land, heaven, their home, their true country? And oh! is it not consoling to us to believe and to know that heaven has placed it in our power to aid them in that preparation, and by our prayers, alms-deeds, and supplications, to abridge the period of their exile from the beatific vision of their God? Such is the firm and settled belief of Catholics—such the doctrine of the true Church. I will not, my dear friend, for the task would be almost as useless as it would be endless, attempt a refutation of the many unkind and absurd arguments advanced against this doctrine. To do so would be to treat

these wild vagaries of a disordered brain with too much seriousness. Let it suffice to explain in as clear and concise a manner as possible, the real doctrine of the Catholic Church on this point; and, if circumstances allow, we will, in concluding our explanation, take a cursory view of the most reasonable objections against this doctrine. I propose then to give you our real belief, relative to purgatory. And to show you that far from being a compound of folly, ignorance and delusion, it is substantiated not only by the Bible, by the universal and constant practice of all ages from the Jews, the chosen people of God, down to the days of Jesus Christ, the divine Founder of the new law, and from the days of our Blessed Redeemer down to the period usually termed the reformation, and by human reason; but that it is congenial to the finest feelings of the human soul,—nay more,—that *as there is a God, there must be a Purgatory.*

Start not at the proposition—difficult as its elucidation may appear at present to you, I feel a consoling assurance that ere long you will as readily and as cheerfully admit the existence of a temporary state of punishment after death as I do. Permit me, my friend, before I enter upon my argument, to lay down the grounds upon which that argument is to be built; and here I will first request you to observe that in the Catholic Church there exists a grand distinction between matters of faith, and matters of opinion. Whatever the Church proposes to her numerous children as an article of faith, we all admit as positive and essential to salvation. There is then no room for idle speculation or questions of opinion—*the Church has spoken; the matter is finished!* The case is widely different with regard to matters of opinion. We are all at liberty to investigate, to compare, and if we deem proper, to admit whatever opinion seems to us the most probable; if not we can reject it. Through want of attention or through ignorance of this distinction, many zealous opposers of Catholicity have been betrayed into the most singular and oftentimes absurd mistakes. Thus, for example, to give you an idea of the want of reflection on this point among some of our opponents, even some well instructed on other points,—not long since, in one of the public controversies in a neighboring city, it was argued that there must be, and that there is a schism in the Catholic communion, because of the variety of religious orders, peculiar rules, and habits or dresses of those orders, and their peculiar ceremonies! "See," said the champion of the opposition party, "their almost endless variety of monastic institutes. Some admitting one point, others rejecting it; one assuming one form and color of dress, others another; the Dominican claiming superior sanctity from the whiteness of his scapularium—the long-bearded Carthusian boasting of his gloomy cowl and hood; the Augustinians quarreling with the Dominicans, and the crafty, designing Jesuits with both!"

Alas! can it be that the individual who gave expression to the above sentiments, intended them for the semblance of argument? Can it be that he has toiled up the rugged hill of science, which must be ascended by every man before he can lay claim to the name of scholar; or that in the school of the mild and meek Jesus he has imbibed the spirit of his Divine Master, charity, which is the brightest ornament of a Christian minister? But to proceed. In our investigation we may occasionally discover a discrepancy of opinion relative to purgatory, even among the earliest as well as the latest writers. But, my dear friend, remark, and remember well, the subject on which they differ. Is it relative to the existence of a place called purgatory? No; never do we read in the unadulterated annals of ecclesiastical history, that one among the early writers of the Church denied the existence of purgatory; they all agreed on this one point; they all unanimously and invariably admitted this truth;—but they differed, at least some among them,—on what? *In their opinion relative to the nature of the punishments endured in purgatory.* This was the subject of their difference, as this is, and ever has been a matter of speculation and opinion. The Church has indeed decided that there is a purgatory or

a middle state of souls suffering for a while on account of their sins; but the Church has never decided, because heaven has never revealed, what is the nature of the punishment there endured. Is it the punishment of *fire*, which would seem the most probable from St. Paul: "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide, which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward; if any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss,—but he himself shall be saved, *yet so as by fire*?" (1 Cor. iii, 13, 14, 15.) Or is it, as maintained by some of the primitive fathers, that painful separation for a while from God, the author and the object of their souls' affection? Does the punishment there endured consist in darkness, as others admit, or are its victims doomed to endure the anguish of all these torments combined? Here you are left to your own opinion. The Church is silent—she has decided nothing; she leaves her children to follow the guidance of their own reason, and requires only the admission of the truth,—*there is a purgatory!* Though all may differ with regard to the punishment endured, all unanimously agree in the one point of faith—*there is a purgatory!* Again: the Church teaches that the souls detained in that middle state which we call purgatory, are benefited by the prayers and suffrages of the faithful on earth, and particularly by the most holy sacrifice of the mass. But how are they benefited? How is the fruit of the holy sacrifice, or of the prayers of surviving friends applied to the souls in purgatory? Is it by abridging the period of their banishment, or by lessening the intensity of their sufferings, or by procuring from heaven a greater degree of love and affection for that God, who punishes them like a tender father because he loves them?—or is it by all these means combined, that the sufferings of the souls in purgatory are relieved by our prayers? Here again you are left to follow the dictates of your own piety.

The Church has decided nothing on this particular point; and again all may differ in *opinion*, while all agree in the point of *faith—the souls in purgatory are helped by our prayers.* With this exposition of the grounds on which I shall in this friendly examination proceed, let us refer to the proofs.

And first in order, both from its sacred nature, and the antiquity of its authority, comes the sacred volume which contains the revealed word of God. Are there no proofs of the existence of purgatory to be found in the Bible? Open that sacred book—that best and most holy of all books; turn then to the *second book of Machabees*, twelfth chapter, and read from the thirty-seventh to the forty-sixth verse. Here we find that the gallant and pious Judas Machabeus, the general of his people, when going forth to battle against the enemies of his God, his religion and his country, began as we read in the thirty-seventh verse, in his own language, to sing in a loud voice, hymns of invocation, "and called upon the Lord to be their helper, and the leader of the battle." Fired with a holy indignation against the sacrilegious foes of his religion, he fought and led his faithful followers to victory; for God heard his prayers, and He, in whose hands are victory and defeat, smiled upon his arms and strengthened his spirit for the righteous cause. He fought and conquered; but the victory was gained at the expense of the lives of many among his noble followers. After a few days, Judas came with his men to take away the bodies of the gallant soldiers who had fallen on the field, to bury them in the sepulchres of their fathers; he found among them several who had so far forgotten the precepts of God, and yielded to the fatal suggestions of a love of wealth, as to conceal under their coats various articles which had either been used or presented in the temple of the false deities of their enemies. Grieved at their blindness, and still more at the recollection of the sin they had committed against the God of armies, the pious Judas bowed with submission to the just decrees of heaven, and commanded his surviving followers to supplicate the God of mercy to forgive the sin which had been committed. Although exulting with vic-

tory, he forgot not those who were slumbering in the cold embrace of death; for them he wept, for them he poured forth the full tide of his heart's bitter sorrow. And that their departed spirits might be spared by an offended Deity, he collected *twelve thousand drachms of silver*, and sent them to the only true temple in Jerusalem, to have the *then* only true sacrifice offered for their repose. "Thinking well and religiously of the resurrection," says the sacred text, "for if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead." What the opinion of this pious general was, relative to the sin committed by those who had been slain, we read in the following verse, where we learn that he did not despair of their final salvation; for, says the sacred writer, "he considered those who had fallen asleep with godliness, had great grace laid up for them. It is, therefore," concludes the sacred text, "a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." To resume then the argument; here we find the chosen people of God, the depositaries of divine revelation—long before the coming of the promised Messiah, offering in the temple of Jerusalem sacrifices for the souls of the dead. They prayed and offered sacrifice, the supreme act of religion, for those who had fallen fighting for their homes and their religion. But why did they pray for their departed brethren? Because it was and is, "a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." Therefore it necessarily follows, that the departed souls must have been in some place, or condition, not impenetrable to the gentle dews, the cheering effects of pardon. But where was this place? Not that dark and dismal abode of never-ending pain and despair, the hell of the reprobate; because you admit with me that reason tells us, "out of hell there is no redemption." Assuredly then the noble spirits who had struck for their home and their altar, could not have been chained down in the endless flames of hell; for if they had, never would the angel of mercy have been deputed to release them, or throw open the adamantine gates of that horrid abode. Those souls could not have been detained in heaven, for "nothing defiled entereth heaven," and they were defiled with the guilt of disobedience at least; and the sacred text tells us that it was "for this cause they were slain." Moreover had Judas Machabeus, or the priests in Jerusalem been persuaded that they were in heaven, surely they would not have ordered sacrifices for them, as the thrice blessed souls in that home of the just have no sins from which they can be freed. The souls for which the sacrifices were offered, were no longer on this earth, for "they had passed the bourne from which no traveller returns." Where then were they? Not in heaven with the angels and with God,—not confined within the gloomy caverns of hell,—not on this earth; where then were they? Wherever they were, they were in some state of probation from which they could be freed, through the tender mercies of God, by the prayers and sacrifices offered in their behalf. And wherever that was, there was purgatory. Call it as we may, adopt whatever title we may feel disposed, "to this complexion must it come at length." We contend not for names, but for principles. But to pursue this argument still further. The book of Machabees speaks of this, not as a new custom, till then unknown, but as of a matter well understood, and in practice. We read of no reclamation, either by the Jews or from the priests. It was evidently one of the Jewish customs, *a custom which is religiously observed to this day among the Jews.* Do we read in any part of the new Scripture that our Blessed Saviour warned us against this practice? On the contrary, what does he expressly command his followers in the twenty-third chapter and second and third verses of St. Matthew: "The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat; all, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do." Are we not here clearly commanded to obey the authority which sanctioned this practice? We are indeed there warned against the hypocritical ways and deceitful manners of these Scribes and Pharisees—but in no portion of the New Testament are we told to reject

this belief. Nay, far from this, as the custom evidently prevailed among the Jews, both before and during the time of the adorable Saviour, as it does yet, did not Jesus Christ, when he kept regularly the passover in the temple, join with the adoring multitude in supplicating his eternal Father in behalf of the departed? Did not the pious followers of our Saviour, "who continued daily in the temple with one accord," nay, St. Peter and St. John, when they went up to the temple at the "hour of prayer," pour forth their supplications with the true worshippers of God, that the dead might be loosed from their sins? To me, my dear friend, this would appear a sufficient reason for speaking at least of this custom in a rather more respectful manner than is usual among many of our separated brethren, "lest," to use the words of an able writer, "their reproaches should fall on *one* whom they would least wish to offend."

But you have, no doubt, been often told: Catholics argue from the book of Machabees as from an inspired book; whereas it is not an inspired book, and is not found among the canonical books even of the Jews—therefore no argument deduced from this book, is of any avail. Let us briefly examine the point. And first, let us for a moment admit they are not canonical books. Are they not strong and unanswerable arguments in favor of the antiquity of the custom of praying for the dead, and consequently of the belief of a purgatory or middle state of souls? Do they not serve as historical records, on which is stamped in indelible characters the custom of the Jews, the then chosen people, and only true depositaries of the religion of God? Will it be said, these books are of recent origin? most assuredly not, for we read of them in the earliest ages of Christianity, as we shall presently see. But we deny in terms the most express and positive, that they are not inspired books. Do they not bear the same internal, and external marks of divine inspiration, which characterize any of the books admitted as inspired? We lose, indeed, the author in the gloom of antiquity, but long before the dawn of that event, which is so loudly extolled by the opposers of Catholicity, the reformation, the divine inspiration of the book of Machabees was defined, and taught by the unerring Church of Christ.

St. Clement of Alexandria, who adorned the church, no less by the brilliancy and depth of his penetrating mind, than by the more important qualities of the saint and philanthropist, in one of his works, cites the second book of Machabees as one of divine inspiration. Who will prove to the satisfaction of an inquiring mind, that St. Paul himself alludes not in his Epistle to Hebrews, xi, 35, to the thrilling history of that venerable old man Eleazar and the seven brothers, as related in the second book of Machabees, vi, and vii. Do we not read, and here let me obsere that, even in the opinions of our most severe adversaries, the writings of the holy fathers are of every avail, because they prove what was the doctrine of the Church then existing in her golden ages of innocence and purity; do we not read in the works of Tertullian, who died in the year 245; of St. Cyprian, the noble minded and heroic bishop of Carthage, who sealed with his blood the faith he professed and taught, in the year 258; of St. Hilary, bishop of Poictiers, whose happy lot it was to be called by the great St. Jerome "a most eloquent man, and the trumpet of the Latins against the Arians," and who died in his episcopal see in 368; of Lucifer, bishop of Cagliari, the metropolis of Sardinia, who threw indeed in the last year of his eventful life, a gloom and shade over the brightness of his early zeal by fostering and encouraging a fatal schism of Antioch, but who fearlessly, and even imprudently in the first years of his episcopacy defended the rights and privileges of the Church, against the daring inroads of the wicked emperor Constantius, and who died in the year 371; of St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, who died in 397; of St. Augustine, the illustrious convert of the equally renowned St. Ambrose, who was raised up by the Almighty Dispenser of all things, in the fifth century, to adorn, defend and protect the Church of God, and who died as he lived, the learned admired bishop of Hippo

in Africa, in the year 430; of St. Isidore bishop of Seville, who is honored as the pride and ornament of Spain, and who died in the year 606; in a word, for were we to examine all the ancients who have quoted the book of Machabees, as a part of the sacred Scripture, it would lead us far beyond the prescribed limits of a letter, do we not find in the writings of these ancient pillars of the church, these heroes of Christianity, extracts, or mention made of the book of Machabees, as sacred Scripture, as the inspired word of God? It is true, that Origen, who flourished during the commencement of the third century, excluded them from among the canonical books of the Jews; but this same remarkable genius and eminent scholar, in other places of his voluminous works, cites the books of Machabees, as works divinely inspired. It is again true, that St. Jerome, and St. John Damascen, the first of whom died in the year 420, and the latter in 780, concurred *not* fully in the canonicity of these books; but of what avail is the doubt of a few individual writers, however otherwise great and exalted their character, when compared with the vast majority of those equally great and equally illustrious, who stand forth the defenders of this point? With a greater degree of propriety, may we urge this argument, when we reflect, that in those days no decree of a general council defined the canonicity and inspiration of the books in question. Will it be said that the council of Carthage, held in the year 397, and at which St. Augustine was present, decided upon their canonicity, and ranked them as we do, among the divinely inspired works? We reply, that highly as we revere the proceedings, and venerable antiquity of that body, as of the other regular local or provincial councils held there or elsewhere, still they are not held or considered as general councils, and consequently in holding points opposite to the decree of such councils, St. Jerome, or St. John Damascen, or any of the writers either contemporary or subsequent to that council, were not rejecting any decision which was binding as emanating from a *general council.* How widely different the case, after the decision of either or of both the councils, which are considered and admitted by the church as *general councils,* both of which by their decision on this point set the matter to eternal rest. I refer to the general council of Florence, in 1439, and to that of Trent, in 1563. Thus then, while the discrepancy of a few ancient writers proves nothing against the inspiration of these sacred books, it on the contrary shows forth more boldly the utter fallacy of the idea that others equally renowned for piety and erudition would have admitted them as divinely inspired, had not their minds been assured of the fact, by strong and forcible reasons, while the assent of all since the decrees of the Church, and the very decision of the Church from whom alone, and not from the doubtful traditions of the Jews, as St. Augustine says, we are to receive the assurance of the canonicity of the books of Scripture, prove beyond all doubt the necessity of admitting among the divinely inspired works of God, the books of Machabees. It is true, our separated brethren have rejected this portion of the Old Testament from the list of inspired works; but why have they, or their predecessors in a new religion done so? Why, do I ask? For the same or a similar reason that induced them to hurl with unhallowed hands, into the vast ocean of apochrypha the Epistle of St. James in the New Testament, where in chapter v, verses 14 and 15, we find a sanction, nay, an absolute command, to administer the sacrament of *extreme unction,* or to anoint with oil, the sick and dying. In the former case the proofs of the existence of purgatory, and of the consequent propriety of prayers for the dead, were too strongly, and too forcibly set forth, to admit of the possibility of a doubt; in the latter the proofs in favor of the sacrament, and salutary ordinance of extreme unction were equally strong and evident. Hence it was, that in the ardor of their zeal against the Catholic Church, the early reformers in an evil hour swept off both the one and the other.

In the preceding pages, my dear friend, you have a brief statement of the doctrines held by Catholics on the subject of purga-

tory; of the grounds on which the present examination is to be prosecuted, and a hasty defence of the divine inspiration of the books of Machabees, from which Catholics deduce a strong proof in favor of the propriety of praying for the dead. Feebly as I have sketched the outlines of the picture, you have seen it, you have no doubt seriously reflected upon it, and what may be the result of your consideration time alone can prove. I now propose to adduce such of the Scriptural proofs of this doctrine as the New Testament proposes to our consideration. Turn then, I pray you, to St. Matthew, chap. v, verses 25, 26. Here without attempting to give you any description of that *prison,* mentioned in the text, let me ask you, is it not evident to any reflecting mind, that the words, "while thou art in the way with him," signify while thou art in this life, before the awful "night of eternity cometh on in which no man worketh," when we can no longer make an agreement with our adversary, but when on the contrary, we must suffer in that *prison,* and there expiate the faults of our life, by paying the "last farthing," for all faults unexpiated on earth, where we *were in the way with him?* Now, if we make not this agreement, while we are in the way with the adversary, with God who is always the adversary of sin, while we are in this life, we will be cast into a *prison,* where we are to pay the last farthing and to satisfy the justice of God, before we are permitted to burst from our confinement and soar to heaven. Where is this prison of which our Saviour speaks? It cannot be the prison of the reprobate,—for in that gloomy prison, never will a ray of hope cheer the agonizing victim of God's anger; never there will anguish cease or sorrow fail, but the dark gloom, and horrid despair of the present will grow still more frightful, as succeeding ages seem but to rivet more strongly the chains which bind the reprobate in hell; they can never "come out from thence," because out of hell there is no redemption; consequently the "last farthing" can *never* there be paid. Surely no one will say, that the prison of which our blessed Saviour speaks is heaven,—for heaven is no prison, and there is no "last farthing" to be paid, no suffering, no atoning for faults, as nothing that defileth can enter the portals of that celestial Jerusalem. (Rev. xxi, 27). Moreover, far from coming out from thence, the thrice blessed spirits there enthroned, are absorbed and inebriated in contemplating the eternal attributes of the Deity. Where then let me ask, is this prison? Is it not that place, where as the Catholic Church teaches, the temporal punishment due to sin previously pardoned, or venial sins here unatoned for, is undergone, and the soul after death is purified from its stains, or as the Scripture expresses it, "pays the last farthing," and is then borne triumphant to the abodes of the blessed? Let reason, let your own piety reply.

Turn now to the twelfth chapter of St. Matthew, verses 32, 36, 37; what means this distinction between a word or offence against the Son of man, and against the holy Spirit? One we are assured may be forgiven, but the other is unpardonable. "It shall not be forgiven either in this world, or in the world to come." Does it not therefore naturally follow, *that some sins are forgiven in the world to come?* Else why this distinction, this assurance, that one particular sin shall *not be forgiven in the world to come?* In the thirty-sixth verse, we find that even an idle word is pronounced a sin, and one too that must be accounted for at the day of judgment. Surely if those idle words are forgiven in this life, and are atoned for while yet "we are in the way," they will not be produced against us at that "great and bitter day when God shall come to judge the world by fire." The text refers therefore to those idle words which are not expiated in this life. But let me suppose a case which is far from being metaphysical. We are told in Holy Writ, that "the just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again." (Prov. xxiv, 16). Now evidently the faults into which the just man falleth so often, and is still called a just man, cannot be those fatal crimes which exclude the soul from heaven, and which are so frequently enumerated in the Epistles of the New Testament; as in

Ephesians, v, 3, 4, 5, and Rev. xxi, 8. They are then to be ranked under the head of venial sins, or if you will, *idle words.* May not this just man expire suddenly, after falling one of these seven times, without a moment to exclaim: Lord, have mercy on my soul? That sin or idle word must be accounted for, at the moment of death. If it must be accounted for, it is evidently a defilement or stain upon the soul; and we are told that nothing defiled, or that defileth can enter heaven. (Rev. xxi, 27). This defilement must therefore be washed away,—it cannot be washed away in this world, because the man expires suddenly; it cannot be purified in hell, because there is no coming out "from thence," there is no washing away in that awful abode, and moreover, it is not one of those defilements or sins which consign to endless torments. It cannot be said that the soul is cleansed from its defilements by suffering the pang of death, for in the sudden and instantaneous death of which we so often hear, and which you perhaps, as well as I, have witnessed, is there any pang to suffer, any pain to endure? How often do we see the innocent babe of a few weeks or days expire in agony or writhing torture, while the grey-headed sinner dies in apparent peace, without a visible struggle? The soul thus leaving this world cannot atone for its sin, its "idle word" in heaven, for in heaven there is no suffering, as St. John so beautifully describes the ravishing scene, when from his lonely isle of Patmos, he beheld the New Jerusalem "coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her bridegroom." And the "great voice" from heaven cheered his agitated soul, as with the consoling assurance, that in that thrice blessed home of the just, God "shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pains." (Rev. xxi, 2, 3, 4). Yet before this soul can be admitted into this celestial Jerusalem, it must be cleansed from all defilement, and this cleansing from defilement, cannot be admitted to be affected by the all-atoning merits of Christ, *independently of our own exertions,* for if we once admit this, we plunge into that fatal vortex of iniquity, that *faith alone* availeth to salvation, in direct contradiction to the express terms of St. James, (ii, 26), where we are told that faith alone, without good works, is dead, and besides, on the same principle, the fanatic in religion and the enthusiast may easily so form his conscience, that he would soon lull himself into the fatal lethargy, that the blood and merits of his Saviour will wash away all his defilements and sins. Hence, he would not fear and tremble in working out his salvation, as we are told in Philippians, (ii, 12). He would reverse the word of Scripture, and act as if he *were sure* of pardon and love. Where then again I ask you, where is this sin or idle word to be atoned for, or to be washed away? We have seen that it can neither be in heaven nor hell, nor in this world, as the case supposes,—where then? Wherever it may be, *there* is purgatory.

Again, consult 1 Cor. iii, 8, 12, 13, 14:* we read as plain and evident a proof of a middle state of souls as it is well possible to conceive; and it is a remarkable fact, that fifteen of the earliest fathers whose testimonies I have before me on this and other points, refer to these words in support of this doctrine, and these writers are of the second, third, fourth, and fifth centuries. Indeed so clearly do I consider these words demonstrative of purgatory, that I shall only remark that, as "every one is to receive his own reward according to his own labor," and as there are certain sins which exclude from heaven, (Romans i, 29, 30, 31; 1 Cor. vi, 9, 10; Eph. v, 5; Rev. xxi, 8, and in the Old Testament, Isaias v, Ezechiel xxiii), and others into which even the just man falls, and is still called just; and as even these faults are to be atoned for, and do not exclude from heaven, since God "rendereth to every man according to his works," it necessarily follows, that they

* "Every man shall receive according to his own labor. . . . If any man build upon this foundation (Christ), gold, precious stones, &c. every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire, &c. . . . If any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire."

who die defiled with the guilt of venial or lesser sins only, can not be consigned to endless torments for those imperfections, because they are to receive "according to their own labor," both reward and punishment; and by the distinction of sins which exclude from heaven, and those which do *not*, as in the case of the just man, it evidently follows that all sins do not exclude from heaven *eternally*, and consequently any man who dies guilty of these latter sins is to receive "according to his own labor," and therefore there *must* be some place where he is to receive that punishment, which place can neither be heaven nor hell, nor in many cases this earth; and therefore there must exist a place we call purgatory. Verses 12, 13, 14, 15, in 1 Cor. iii, speak plainly for themselves.

We read in Psalm lxi, 12, God "rendereth to every man according to his works." The same is repeated by St. Matthew, xvi, 27, in Romans, ii, 6. Now, let us for a moment dwell upon these texts and compare them with each other. We are necessarily induced by these texts to conclude that God will reward the good, and punish the wicked; that as we read in Galatians, vi, 5, "every man must bear his own burden," and that when the dread accounting day shall come, and each man will be called to "render an account of his stewardship," by his own works he shall stand or fall. Transport yourself in spirit now to the throne of judgment, and contemplate a scene, for a moment which may happen, and does happen almost continually. Two individual souls are at the same moment ushered before the throne of God, to await their eternal doom. One is the soul, the trembling agitated soul, of a man long accustomed to the indulgence of every degrading passion, grown old perhaps in habits of intemperance, or polluted with the blood of a fellow-being, perhaps of his father, his brother, or his friend, whose tortured soul now cries in the horrid language of despair for revenge upon his murderer. Eye for eye! blood for blood! soul for soul! Perhaps it is the soul of one, who has seduced from the paths of virtue, many an unsuspecting youth, lured them on to wickedness and crime, blasted the fair fame of an unsuspecting neighbor, and whose memory is execrated on earth as a moral monster. Checked by the hand of God, in the midst of his mad career, he is called from the earth which he had so long desecrated by his presence, and now trembling, despairing, and already self-condemned, behold him a guilty criminal, at the bar of divine justice! Can you doubt for a moment what will be his eternal fate?

Turn now to the little object at his side. It is the soul of a child twelve or fourteen years of age. In an unguarded moment, through fear of punishment the thoughtless youth gave utterance to a falsehood: perhaps he is guilty of disobedience to some parental mandate, or of an improper expression in a moment of excitement. That he is guilty, no one surely can deny, for he was endowed with reason, which taught the soul that it was wrong in the commission of either of these sins or faults. He falls suddenly dead, or by some sad accident he is hurried from time to eternity; and now the soul of that child stands side by side, with that of the grey-haired reprobate, to await its final doom. Can it be that an infinitely good and merciful God, will hurl the child's soul to eternal damnation, and consign to the same deep dungeon of never ending pain, the soul of the paracidal monster and that of the thoughtless child? Can he chain down in the endless flames of hell the soul of the latter, for so small a fault? Are they both to be damned, and damned forever? Is this then the infinite mercy or justice of our God? Is this to "render to every man according to his works?" Is this the only reward for which even the "just man" can hope, if he should die after he has fallen even once of his "seven times?" Is this the dark and gloomy prospect, which must be, like a lowering cloud, forever hanging over us, when in a moment of forgetfulness or passion we speak an idle word? Great God! who then is safe, or who can hope for pardon, if even the smallest fault is to be punished with everlasting damnation? Ah! away, away, with so unjust an idea of the mercy and justice of our infinitely good God. He

who called and forgave a wandering sinful David; He who cast an eye of compassion on the sinful unfaithful Peter, even when in the act of denying his Master; He who so sweetly whispered, "thy sins are forgiven thee," when at his feet a sinful Magdalen "wept and was forgiven,"—He, in a word, who changed to a saint the repentant thief upon the cross, and made a vessel of election of a persecuting Saul; He will never thunder forth the dreadful decree of everlasting reprobation against the soul which appears before his throne stained with "an idle word" or venial offence; yet, since in his infinite decrees, *nothing defiled or that defileth* can enter heaven (Rev. xxi, 27), and the child of whom we are speaking is defiled with the guilt of some small faults, where are these faults to be expiated? Where are they to be washed away or atoned for? Not in *hell*, not *in heaven*, not on *the earth*, for the child is dead,—where then? Can you for a moment doubt, that an infinitely good and just God, will consign the soul to that *prison* of which our blessed Lord speaks in Matthew v, 25, where by some temporal punishment it may be washed from its faults and stains, and then be admitted to the fruition of its God? Is not this to render to every man according to his works? The wicked man, we all believe, will be cast into exterior darkness, where there is but weeping and gnashing of teeth, into *unquenchable fire*, (Matt. iii, 12), into *everlasting punishment*, (Matt. xxv, 46; Mark ix, 43, 48; 2 Thes. i, 7, 8, 9; Jude 6, 7, and Revelations,—*passim*). This is a *necessary* act of retributive justice, which enters into the very essence and nature of the Deity. Consign them *both* to the endless flames of hell, and you make of our God a monster of cruelty, delighting to punish, not according to the works of every man, not according to the demerits of the case, but inhumanly, unreasonably, and in direct opposition to every assurance of the sacred Scripture, which in many places, as we have seen, tells us the reverse. Admit *either* of them *immediately* into heaven, and you falsify the same sacred volume, as we read, among other places, in Rev. xxi, 27. Now, let me again ask you candidly and sincerely, can you longer doubt of the necessary existence of a third place after death? That the expression "purgatory" is not found in the sacred volume, I admit; but is the expression "Sunday," or the still more essential term, embodying as it does the very existence and truth of Christianity, "Trinity," or even the term "Christianity" read in the Bible? But this objection is too purile to deserve further comment. It is a maxim of law and divinity, that we are to admit, not only all that the word of God *evidently* contains, but also all that is *legitimately* deduced from it; and if I have not here legitimately deduced the existence of purgatory, elaborated and explained to such fatiguing length as are the texts, then reason is of little avail, Scripture almost useless.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ON THE PROPOSAL TO ERECT A

MONUMENT TO BISHOP ENGLAND.

Spare many words: suffice it that the eye
Catch some brief record as it glanceth by:
When kindred hearts have treasured up his fame,
Why on his tomb write aught besides his name?

CATHOLIC MELODIES.

NO. VI.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.—2 *Mach.* xii, 46.

PRAY for the dead!—a wholesome thought,
  A pious practice, long
By sacred writers felt and taught,
  In act and language strong.

Pray for the dead!—in ancient days,
  By holy Jews were given,
With precious offerings, prayer and praise
  In their behalf to heaven.

Pray for the dead!—from earth ascends
  Each faithful prayer above,
Where with the saints' its incense blends,
  And mercy wins from Love.

Pray for the dead!—a part is theirs
  In that communion whole,
Whose living members by their prayers
  Aid the departed soul.

Pray for the dead!—their labor 's o'er,
  Pray for their calm repose;
For them time *was*, but *is* no more,
  When life's dark portals close.

Pray for the dead!—a blessing flows
  By God's own promise, where
The ray of charity still glows,
  And warms the soul in prayer.

Pray for the dead!—these acts of love,
  Like dews of Hermon fall,—
Like oil down Aaron's beard,—and prove
  The bond of grace to all.

Pray for the dead!—to them denied
  The power their pangs to tell,
Till perfect justice satisfied,
  They rise with God to dwell.

Pray for the dead!—their weary race
  O'er life's sad course is run;
Pray that the promises of grace
  Be through their sufferings won.

Pray for the dead, whose venial sins
Are still to be forgiven!
The prayer of faith acceptance wins,
And speeds their flight to heaven.

Pray for the dead!—the heart bereaved
Of what it most has loved,
To heal the wound from which it grieved,
A balm in this has proved.

Pray for the dead!—the hour will come,
When prayers for thee may win
Admission to that glorious home,
Where all are free from sin.

Pray for the dead!—that purified
So as by fire they rise,
Like gold within the furnace tried,
And mount beyond the skies.

St. Louis, Mo. MOÏNA.

STATE OF CATHOLICISM IN EUROPE.*

IT is with a true pleasure, illustrious academicians, that I am this year charged with opening the course of your wise dissertations. I am happy too in felicitating you on the literary labors you have undertaken for the defence of our holy Catholic religion. You have known how to unite the force of reasoning with the riches of learning, for the purpose of combating and destroying the lying and hateful accusations, which heresy and schism have multiplied against the sovereign pontiffs, in representing as the tyrants and oppressors of nations those who have been the benefactors of humanity, the true authors of so many excellent Christian and civil institutions, of which strangers have daringly endeavored to attribute the honor to themselves as if it had been their proper work. Would that I were able, at the same time, to inspire your courage with a new ardor in this glorious and useful enterprise.

We cannot dissemble. In different parts of Europe the Catholic religion is attacked either by open violence or by perfidious secrecy and dark machinations; but from the midst of this lowering and frightful horizon, there break forth some luminous rays, the consolatory forerunners of a better and happier future.

I shall endeavor, then, to point out to you the end which your labors should have, to retrace before you the principal vicissitudes of the Catholic Church in this age—to paint for you, together with the actual situation of this same Church that of the dissenting sects, and to propose to you the conjectures which we may form as to the future, conjectures which have been suggested to me by the long residence I have had in different countries in Europe, and the numerous interviews which I have had with men, with *savans*, with ministers even attached to divers errors opposed to the Catholic faith, and, in fine, by the experience gathered in a time so fruitful as our own in great events:—these have followed each other so rapidly, that in a few years we could flatter ourselves that we had lived more than a century.

You will give to these considerations that

* Discourse pronounced at Rome at the opening of the Academy of the Catholic Religion in the year 1843, by the Cardinal Pacca, Dean of the Sacred College, Bishop and Legate of Velletri, &c., principally translated from the *Ami de la Religion.*

degree of importance only which you shall think fit; for my part I shall apply to myself those words of the Prophet Joel,—"Seniores vestri somnia somniabunt." (ii, 28.)

When I arrived in Germany, in 1786, it might be said that the churches and the clergy of that country were at the summit of human greatness. Two archiepiscopal sees were occupied by a brother of the emperor then reigning, and by the son of a king of Poland, elector of Saxony. At the head of the other archiepiscopal and episcopal churches were placed prelates allied to the most ancient and illustrious families. Vast portions of the soil of Germany, the most fruitful and the fairest, belonged to the clergy, with a right of temporal lordship which stretched over many millions of subjects. Great in the empire were the authority and the influence of the clergy. In the electoral college, over eight electoral members, three were ecclesiastics—the archbishops of Mayence, of Treves, and of Cologne; the college of princes was presided over by the archbishop of Salzburgh, and all the bishops, as well as a great number of abbés brought their votes into the diet. All this opulence, and splendor, and power, disappeared before the unjust domination and the rapacious sacrilege of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the clergy of Germany are now reduced to that state of dependence and of mediocrity, in which nearly all the remainder of the Catholic clergy are placed.

But shall we in this recognize an evil to the Church? I dare not say so. I consider that the bishops deprived of temporal domain, which might be very useful for the sustainment of the ecclesiastical spiritual authority when it was applied to that object, and despoiled of a portion of their riches and power, will be more docile to the voice of the sovereign pontiff; and that we shall see none of them treading in the footsteps of the proud and the ambitious patriarchs of Constantinople, nor pretending to an almost schismatical independence. Now also the Catholic population of all these extensive diocesses will be able to contemplate in the pastoral visitations the face of their own bishops, and the sheep shall at least occasionally hear the voice of their own pastor. In the nomination of canons and dignitaries, and of chapters of cathedrals, they will have more regard, perhaps, to merit than to illustrious birth; it will no longer be necessary to brush the dust from the archives to establish, among other qualities of candidates, sixteen quarterings of nobility; and ecclesiastical titles being no longer what they have been, surrounded with wealth, no more shall be witnessed what has been more than once beheld—the moment a high dignity or a rich benefice was vacant, nobles who up to that moment had no other post but one in the army, laying aside their uniforms and their military decorations, and all of a sudden investing themselves with the dignity of canons, and ornamenting with rich and brilliant mitres, heads which but a few years before had borne helmets. The grave ideas of the sanctuary did not always prevail over those of soldiery. We may then have henceforward not so rich, it is true, but better instructed and more edifying pastors.

With respect to the different sects which are found in Germany, the obstacles that opposed themselves to the return of their members to Catholicity are equally diminished. There are states and governments which as yet name themselves Protestant, but in which Protestantism no more exists. What the apologists of the Catholic religion predicted in the sixteenth century has been fully accomplished:—the principle of private judgment triumphant, and each Protestant claiming for himself the right of explaining the sense of Scripture, by little and little all the dogmas which at first preserved the pretended reform have disappeared, and it but remains for its adherents to fall into pure deism.

At the commencement of my residence at Cologne, it happened one day that I was entertained by a Protestant diplomatist—a well-instructed man and distinguished writer; the conversation fell on the scientific journals which were then published in Germany. This diplomatist informed me that for some years there appeared in Berlin a collection entitled "Bibliotheque Allemande Universelle" (Universal German Libra-

ry), and that its writers proposed various reforms in matters of religion which was understood to be Protestantism. I desired to have the early volumes of this journal, and to apply myself to reading them. Behold, then, in a few words what were these theological reforms. The inspiration of the sacred books, the divine Scriptures, was rejected; they did not say a word of mysteries, very reasonably, because they did not admit them at all; there was no question whatever of a ministry and ecclesiastical hierarchy—in a word, in their pretended outline of evangelical religion, there was no trace at all of the Gospel. At that time a portion of the Protestant ministers—that is, the teaching portion of the sects had already fallen into similar errors; and many ministers carried their incredulity so far as to openly ridicule the most holy things.

After the death of Frederick II, many Protestant ministers had no shame, in administering baptism to children, to substitute for the adorable name of the august Trinity the name of that unbelieving monarch who had just died. Since then, secret societies and political revolutions have struck the last blow at religious ideas, so that, as I have already said, Protestantism exists no longer but in name. But this frightful abyss into which the heterodox sects have fallen, offers in my opinion to very many Protestants, a felicitous facility to return into the bosom of the Catholic Church. The heart of man cannot divest itself of religion, and when his intellect casts off the yoke of those errors which in his youth he had contracted, and when he rids himself of the principles of a false education with which he was imbued, it becomes easy for him to discover the light of truth. The number of conversions daily taking place from heresy to Catholicity, strongly bears out my opinion.

But if we behold in Germany rays of light and hope for the Catholic Church breaking even from the bosom of dark errors, France, in the vista, offers to our view an horizon still more consoling. From the first ages, the churches of Gaul distinguished themselves by a singular attachment and a filial devotion to the chair of St. Peter; from that time also they fought with an ardent zeal against every rising heresy. During a long succession of centuries we have seen this strict union perpetuated with the mother Church of Rome; and these churches, these children devoted in their fidelity, acquired a glorious renown.

In the sad and unhappy days of the sixteenth century, when the sects of Luther, of Zuinglius, and of Calvin were let loose by the dark genius of error to inundate Europe, the Sorbonne, at the head of all the other universities, raised itself up to defend the pure and ancient doctrines of the Church, with all the vivacity and ardor which characterize the French nation.

The generous efforts of the Church of France, during the following century, in combating and overcoming the hydra of Jansenism are known throughout the world; but during that century also, in the year 1682, the glory and splendor of that ancient church was partly eclipsed. The obscurity was not, however, of long duration; the mists which hung around it, were soon dissipated; a terrible revolution burst forth in that kingdom, bearing with it the most frightful consequences, among others that which is never wanting, the persecution of the Church. Then the illustrious clergy of France understood what those of other countries are not always aware of, that the episcopal body and the clergy of a nation in union with the chair of St. Peter and firmly attached to it, form an impenetrable phalanx against all the attacks of the false policy of governments and philosophical impiety leagued against them; they resumed their ancient courage, and their filial devotion for the holy see, and since that epoch, the church of France has by her works, her writings and her zeal for the propagation of the faith, shewn anew, that she is the most affectionate and submissive child of the Roman Church. It is true that that kingdom contains within her bosom numerous enemies of religion, that her churches do not assuredly enjoy perfect tranquillity: how could it be otherwise? When the ocean has been violently agitated, the motion of the waves does not cease immediately with the tempest, it is

only slowly and by degrees that the waters resume their former tranquillity. Religion and the Church find themselves still attacked on all sides by a crowd of enemies. Whilst the partizans of the irreligious doctrines of Voltaire and the other philosophers of the eighteenth century, endeavor unceasingly to seduce all classes of society, by selling at a low price and with the utmost effrontery, books infected with deism, the Protestants arm themselves with renewed audacity, and their Bible societies are spreading with profusion copies of the Sacred Scriptures, that have been altered and falsified. To add still more to the disorder and confusion, new enemies have appeared in the field,—framers of new religions, with their extravagant and sacrilegious systems, the Saint-Simonians, the Socialists, and the unfortunate Chatel, the proclaimer of a new French Church. These attacks and these efforts of hell are aided by the impious and licentious romances of immoral writers, and even by dramatic poets, who with effrontery represent in their plays atrocious crimes which render the heart of man callous, who hold up to view the most shameful vices, and impudently bring upon the stage the most sacred mysteries and august ceremonies of the Church. Besides this multitude of desperate enemies, the clergy find another in the university, an institution which ought to be, on the contrary, its most faithful ally.

However, what would perhaps make the clergy of any other nation tremble, does not alarm the clergy of France. They do not endeavor to withdraw from the contest, they oppose to their adversaries, on all sides, a determined and heroic resistance. Hence, notwithstanding the violent attacks made against religion, the Church in France gains ground continually, and the people evince a happy tendency to resume the faith of their fathers. We do not then without reason cherish the hope that that illustrious body of clergy will not only persevere in an enterprise so gloriously commenced, but that their zeal in defence of religion will go on increasing. To me it seems, that the Lord, being at length appeased, now destines France to be the instrument of his divine mercies. He wishes that she should herself repair the numerous evils which she has produced in the world, during the past century and at the commencement of the present, by so many impious books, and by that philosophical propagandism, the emissaries of which went forth to spread amongst the people the principles of rebellion, not only against governments, but also against the Church: and, in truth, France first conceived and executed the grand and glorious association for the propagation of the faith, destined to second the admirable institution of the propaganda at Rome. France has re-established the triumphant standard of the cross on the shores of Africa, and formed a new African church. France, in a word, under the auspices and direction of the holy see, labors to dissipate the darkness of idolatry among the poor savages of Oceanica, and sustains the religion of Jesus Christ in Cochin-China and Tong-King. With a zeal truly admirable and apostolic, her missionaries endure incalculable sufferings, and in defence of the Gospel spill their blood, to obtain the crown of martyrdom.

But all good Catholics must be pained at the contemplation of what is transpiring at the two extremities of Europe.

To exhibit the state of the Catholic religion in the north, particularly in Russia and unhappy Poland, no other expressions can serve than those which the sovereign pontiffs have employed in speaking of the episcopal sees in heathen countries—"*status plorandus, non describendus,*" a state which can be described only in the language of tears. One thing I know, and it is attested by the Holy Scripture and the history of mankind, that when the resources of the Church are exhausted, the Lord rises in his might, to vindicate his cause; and then is heard in the distance the rumbling of the storm that will soon break forth in terrible chastisements, which are the just inflictions of the Almighty upon entire nations, and from which not even royalty itself is excepted. Instances of this have been often and plainly visible in our own days.

At the other extremity of Europe we behold Spain and Portugal. Those two king-

doms, for many ages so distinguished and renowned for their piety, for their sincere attachment and filial obedience to the holy see, were, about the middle of the last century, unfortunate enough to pass under the dominion of rulers, who although commendable by their personal qualifications, were too much inclined to favor the advocates of liberalism. They yielded the government into the hands of ambitious and irreligious officers; an event of most fatal import; for this itself is one of the most dreadful punishments that God in his wrath metes out to guilty nations, when their crimes, according to the expression of a poet, have swelled beyond the bounds of his mercy.

The count of Aranda in Spain, and Sebastian Carvaglio, better known as the marquis of Pombal, in Portugal, the former instigated by the philosophers of France, the latter an agent of the Jansenistic party, but both imbued with a deep hatred for Rome and the apostolic see, left nothing undone to corrupt the public mind, by removing and debarring from the professorial chairs all those who were the advocates of sound principles, and substituting others infected with the errors of Dupin, Febronius, Pereyra and authors of the same class. An effort was made by these men to shut out from their respective kingdoms, all books that breathed a truly Catholic spirit, while avenues were opened on every side for the introduction of such works as assailed the rights and authority of the sovereign pontiff, or defended the doctrines of a philosophical impiety. When these two ministers had retired from office, the same pernicious and criminal system continued to be pursued, and we now witness the lamentable effects of that hostility which it excited against the holy see. The scenes enacted in these countries at the present day, are but the sad consequences of the schismatical attempts to which we have alluded.

I was once departing from Lisbon, my mind a prey to many gloomy thoughts and painful anticipations; and as the vessel withdrew from the shore, I cast my eyes for the last time upon the city, and wept over it. But the condition of Spain afflicted me still more. Having climbed to the lofty summit of mount Calpe, now Gibralter, which unfolds to the eye of the spectator a considerable portion of the African coast, I compared the deplorable state of those countries which are still groaning under an infidel and piratical power, with the condition of the people that inhabited these regions in primitive times, when they were illustrated by the Tertullians, the Cyprians, and the Augustins, and by the celebrated councils that watched over the purity of the Christian faith. At that moment, I know not how, but a saddening thought stole upon my mind. It seemed to me that the inconstancy of human things would possibly work a fearful change in the country where I then was, and that like myself who was then deploring the fate of the unhappy Africans buried in the darkness of Mahometanism, some European traveller at a future day, when Christianity again flourishes on the southern part of this vast continent, would perhaps contemplate the coast of Spain and of Portugal from the opposite summit of mount Abila, and would compassionate, with emotions similar to those of my own bosom, the infidelity and apostacy of these two kingdoms, once so firmly attached to the Catholic faith. I was far from indulging this fancy as a serious thought, for I was unwilling to believe, as it is stated in the published narrative of my journey from Lisbon to Italy, that it could haunt my mind as a fatal presentiment of coming events.

But alas! the deplorable state to which religion was subsequently reduced in Portugal and Spain, soon recalled those painful reflections, and I began to fear lest the fatal day had arrived for the departure of the true faith from those countries, which were formerly so distinguished for their staunch Catholicity. I have seen the gallant people of France elevate in triumph the standard of the cross on the coast of Africa, rebuild its fallen altars, convert its profane mosques into Christian temples, and erect new churches to the honor of the Almighty; while on the opposite coast of Spain, the sacred altars of religion were pillaged, and houses consecrated to the divine worship were overthrown or destroyed by the flames.

I have also beheld in the country of the Moor, a holy and venerated prelate surrounded by a zealous band of clergymen, and not only welcomed at his approach by the joyful acclamations of Catholic hearts, but respected and revered by the Arab and Bedouin infidels themselves; while on the opposite shores of unhappy Spain the faithful pastors of the Church were summoned before lay tribunals, and, after the iniquitous proceedings of a mock trial, condemned to drag out their days in prison, or banished from their sees, or in despite the forms of law inhumanly assassinated in the temple of God and at the very foot of his altars, in hatred of the Catholic religion. In a word, on the Algerine coast I have seen the daughters of Vincent de Paul, the venerated sisters of charity, welcomed as angels from heaven, and I have seen them with no other arms than their meekness, their goodness, their tender solicitude for the sick, (those arms which are so influential and victorious,) awaken the enthusiastic admiration of infidels, prepare the way for their conversion, and dispose them at length to embrace a religion which inspires and realizes such exalted virtue; while in Spain, on the contrary, holy virgins consecrated to the service of God, were relentlessly driven from their asylums of peace, and every expedient was resorted to for depriving them of the necessary means of subsistence.

Would not all this seem to announce, as I have before observed, that a fearful crisis had arrived, and that the terrible moment was now come, when the Lord will transfer the flambeau of faith to some other clime, and accomplish the dreadful menace of our Saviour to the Jews: "The kingdom of heaven shall be taken away from you, and be given to a people who will bring forth the fruits thereof?" (Matt. xxi, 43.)

But we may well rejoice that these apprehensions, which we have had so much reason to entertain, are now counteracted by a consoling prospect of better things to come. Vast numbers of that chivalrous people and a great portion of the clergy have preserved a deep and abiding attachment to the faith of their ancestors, and a filial devotion to the holy see; like the Israelites of old, who, although far distant from their country and exiles on the banks of the rivers of Babylon, kept their thoughts and their hearts unceasingly fixed on their beloved Jerusalem. Spain, moreover, numbers too many intercessors near the seat of divine mercy to permit the frustration of our hopes. Methinks I behold at the foot of the Almighty's throne, the tutelary angel of that kingdom surrounded by all the saints that the Spanish Church has ever engendered unto eternal life, among others, those illustrious founders and reformers of religious orders, who, after having illustrated and enriched the Church during their mortal career by their labors and the splendor of their virtues, still continue the great work through the indefatigable zeal of their holy and numerous posterity,—a Dominic, an Ignatius, a Joseph Calasanctius, a John of God, a Peter of Alcantara, a Theresa. I feel within me that the fervent prayers of so many intercessors cannot fail to appease the divine indignation, and that the Lord will at length cast an eye of mercy upon Spain and Portugal. But, until the day of his clemency dawn upon these nations, our part must be to bow with resignation to the orders of his all-wise Providence.

If it has been more or less painful to view the situation of Catholicity in the two kingdoms that I have just mentioned, we shall consider with very different sentiments the state of the Church in another country, where it was groaning for centuries under the pressure of a most cruel and tyrannical persecution. There, the ill-fated Catholic was denied even the consolation of practising his religion; and not only was this religion not tolerated; it was proscribed under the severest and most inhuman penalties. But how wonderful the revolution that has taken place! In that same country, now-a-days, new churches and magnificent cathedrals are rising in honor of the living God; conventual establishments for religious of both sexes are erected, and a kind and generous hospitality is extended to the clergy of foreign countries, who have been compelled to seek on its shores an asylum from the persecution of their native land. You are aware that I allude to Eng-

land. Most consoling, indeed, are the facts which I have enumerated; we should not, however, imagine that the Anglican sect is on the verge of extinction. It is true that it daily loses ground, since it is abandoned by innumerable persons, who have already fallen into a state of complete incredulity, and by many others who, enlightened by divine grace, return to the bosom of their mother, the Catholic Church, which has never ceased to love them with sincere tenderness. However, notwithstanding the apparent ruinous and tottering state of the Anglican Church, it is sustained by two firm props, the power of the aristocracy and the opulence of the clergy.

As long as the nobility of England shall have the power to distribute among their brothers, their children and their nephews, the vast revenues of the episcopal demesnes and the opulent benefices, which annually amount to six millions of pounds sterling, a sum equal to thirty-two millions eight hundred thousand Roman crowns, or (thirty millions of dollars); in vain shall we flatter ourselves with the hope of seeing that sect disappear. But should the Lord continue to bless the zeal and labors of our clergy in England, ere long we shall behold the Protestant clergy abandoned by the bulk of their flock. But a short time since a Protestant curate, in one of the parishes of Ireland, had no other hearers than his wife, his children and his maid-servant. What the Anglicans call defection, but we conversion, must force the government to serious reflection. At a former period we might have feared that it would serve only to excite the flame of persecution; but, in the actual state of Europe, we can not but look for results favorable to the cause of Catholicity.

England then presents us with some consolation, in the midst of the sorrows which encompass the Church; but our consolation and joy increase when we reflect on the state of religion in Belgium. During the course of my life I have witnessed four different dynasties arise, and hold in turn the reins of government in that industrious and interesting country. The three first, rivals and often even opposed in political and commercial interests, resembled each other and agreed perfectly in one thing only, in their efforts to oppose and torment that excellent people, so sincerely Catholic, by their religious innovations. The three first dynasties having been expelled, either by the force of foreign arms or by the insurrection and efforts of the people, Providence has at length granted peace to that Catholic nation; it has executed its design by a wonderful stroke of omnipotence, by one of those means which the narrow views of human wisdom would judge adverse to the end intended, a means excellently expressed by an ingenious proverb of the Portuguese language: *Deus escreve direito sobre uma regra estorta:* God directly attains his ends by indirect means. In fact, the Almighty to procure peace for the Catholics, called in a fourth dynasty. He raised to the throne a new prince, a foreigner, born and raised up in Protestantism, and attached to the sect of Luther. Who would not have thought that the enemies of religion would find in him a firm support? Well, that prince worthy of being proposed as a model even to those who have had the happiness of being born in the bosom of the true Church, has understood perfectly the truth and justice of those celebrated words of Osius, bishop of Cordova, to the emperor Constantine: *Tibi Deus imperium commisit, nobis quæ sunt ecclesiæ credidit:* To you, emperor, God has confided the empire, but to us he has intrusted the interests of the Church.

When the present king of the Belgians ascended the throne, the discourse which he addressed to the clergy expressed the same thought, and he has faithfully kept his promise; for, to give his people a guarantee and a full assurance of the attachment of the new dynasty for the Catholic faith, he desired to have his children baptised and educated in our holy and august religion.

But can I forget our own beloved Italy, which ought without doubt hold the first place in my thoughts? This rich and lovely country, one of the most privileged, one of the most favored with the gifts of nature, has been blessed with a mild and healthy climate, it enjoys almost continually, a serene and cloudless sky, its fertile soil generously

rewards the labor of the husbandman with a plentiful harvest; its people are intelligent and capable of the most glorious deeds, as the celebrated Romans of antiquity and in modern times the sovereign pontiffs, for the most part Italians, have abundantly proved. The Popes have performed actions worthy of lasting fame, not only in the government of the Church, but also with regard to the temporal interests of civil society, and even of the entire world, by their beneficent influence and wise authority. In proof of this, illustrious academicians, we need only refer to the learned discourses which have been delivered before this society in preceding years. But what are all these blessings, if compared with another of much higher value, that of having received from the east into the bosom of Italy, into our own immortal Rome, the chair of truth, the supreme tribunal of the Church, in a word, the see of Peter and his successors? It is the Church of Rome, that excellent and tender mother, that has ever nourished, and still continues to nourish all the churches of Italy, with the rich manna of heavenly doctrine; it is she that has ever combated, and still daily combats to chase far from its bosom the infernal venom of heresy and schism. From the earliest periods, when Arianism was protected and upheld, at first by the emperors of Constantinople, and then by the Gothic kings, the Roman Church has always succeeded in preventing the establishment of heretical sects in this country; and in the sixteenth century particularly, when, from the bottomless pit innumerable heresies arose inundating the north of Europe, and endeavoring to penetrate into Italy, to infect the popular faith, it was Rome that averted from our borders the terrible scourge of religious war, which for thirty years covered the soil of Germany with blood, and for nearly forty spread desolation over France, and then carried its ravages into England, Bohemia and Hungary. It was, however, the misfortune of Italy, in the seventeenth century, to witness the introduction within her limits, of a hypocritical sect that originated in Flanders, and which, the more effectually to conceal its progress and dark designs, disavowed its own existence. Although proscribed and denounced by the anathemas of the holy see, it found an easy access and a welcome reception into several cloisters, whose destruction it was perfidiously meditating, and into universities, some of whose members, unnatural children of Italy, unworthy of bearing the name, and ungrateful to heaven for its numerous favors, espoused the errors of the party and undertook their defence. From these two sources of education, was rapidly propagated among political men and the civil and judicial officers of the country, that spirit of opposition, jealousy and aversion against the holy see, which, even under the reign of princes whose public and private life is governed by the Christian maxims, and whose intentions are upright, reduces the Church to the deplorable servitude of Agar, that Church which in religious matters ought to be free and independent.

One of the most illustrious prelates of the seventeenth century, the immortal Bossuet, in a discourse before Louis XIV, one of the most powerful monarchs of modern times, made use of the following language: "Oh! sacred authority of the Church, the necessary curb of licentiousness and the only stay of discipline, what art thou now become? This authority, Sire, abandoned on the one side and usurped on the other, is either completely abolished or wielded by unlawful hands. But to represent to you all these wounds that have been inflicted upon the Church, would exceed the bounds of my discourse. Your majesty will see them in the course of time."*

Thus spoke Bossuet, and a long time has rolled away since he uttered these words; but the wounds that have afflicted our beloved country, together with many others, have not yet been healed. They are still bleeding, and they bleed profusely. Let us hope, however, with the great Bossuet, that the course of events may enlighten the minds of those princes who are well disposed, and may disabuse them of their erroneous impressions. Who knows but that

* Third Sermon on Palm Sunday, 2d part.

heaven has reserved this day of happiness and consolation for the glorious pontiff who now governs the Church of God, in order to reward that sacerdotal firmness and apostolic courage with which he has proclaimed, from the heights of the Vatican and in presence of the mightiest powers of Europe, the impressive voice of Peter; that voice which is dreaded by the enemies of religion, however they may pretend not to fear it; that voice which still at the present day is heard throughout the world, and which, if it do not immediately arrest existing evils, will always bring strength and comfort to the virtuous heart, while to those who are wandering in error, it will open a path which must lead them infallibly into the bosom of their compassionate mother.

Be not astonished, my beloved colleagues, and you, my illustrious hearers, if I have spoken freely and frankly. You may well imagine, how an old man, bending under the weight of eighty-seven years, and already sinking into the tomb where he must soon repose, has turned a deaf ear to the timid suggestions of human wisdom.

Translated for the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.

Continued from page 617.

THE pontificate, of St. Miltiades or Melchiades, an African and a priest of the church of Rome, followed that of St. Eusebius, and was one of consolation to his flock. He was elevated to the papacy at the prayer of Constantine, on the 2d of July, 311, after a vacancy of the cause of which we are ignorant. This pope, who occupied the holy see until the month of January, 314, that is, during two years and a half, assembled nineteen bishops at Rome to pronounce upon the nomination of Cecilian to the bishopric of Carthage. Donatus who opposed its validity was condemned by the council, and Melchiades vainly endeavored to reconcile him. St. Augustine, speaking of the gentleness which he evinced on this occasion, observes: "O true child of peace! O real father of the Christian people!" Melchiades decreed, that in token of union, a part of the oblations which had been blessed in the sacrifice should be carried to the houses of the faithful. He also ordained that no Christian should fast on Sunday or Thursday, that there might be no conformity with the pagans who considered these days sacred. The reign of Melchiades is marked by the conversion of Constantine, and his victory over Maxentius. The former, marching in 312 to meet this tyrant, who had declared war against him, saw in the heavens a luminous cross which appeared above the sun with this inscription: *In this sign thou shalt conquer.* Jesus Christ appeared to him the following night, and commanded him to make an image of the cross and carry it with him in his battles. Constantine, on awaking, hastened to prepare a standard adorned with the sign of salvation, and some days after, having given battle near the walls of Rome, he defeated the troops of Maxentius who were obliged to fly, and while endeavoring to pass over a bridge which had been broken, fell into the Tiber and were drowned. This double event freed the Church from the yoke of pagan persecution. Three entire centuries, and especially the ten years of the last persecution, had sufficed to show that the Christian religion was the work of God, and, resting on him alone, that all the efforts of men were of no avail against it. After having crowned the martyrs, God, in the course of his providence, was pleased to bring emperors into the household of the faith, thus manifesting his will that all mankind should be saved, and accomplishing the promise which he had made by the

mouth of Isaiah: "I will stretch out my hand towards the nations, and I will raise up my standard before all the people. Kings shall be your nursing-fathers, and queens shall be your nursing-mothers. They shall adore you with their face towards the earth." (xlix, 22, 23).

When the Church however was protected by the empire, although no longer to be assailed by enemies from without, it was to be tried by domestic foes not less notorious than the tyrants of paganism. Heresy was destined to succeed persecution, schisms were to convulse the Church, to scatter the pastors, and produce disorders which councils could not suppress and which princes would foment, thinking to serve the truth, when they were its cruel oppressors. But here opens a prospect which extends beyond the fourth century. At the period of which we are now speaking, religion was released from its fetters by the piety of Constantine, and after some disturbances under Constantius and Valens, it was diffused and fortified still more by the zeal of Theodosius.

Constantine was the cotemporary of three other popes after Melchiades, the first of whom was St. Sylvester I, a priest of the church of Rome, his birth-place, who ascended the pontifical chair, in January, 314. This pontiff occupied the holy see nearly twenty-two years, and died on the 31st of December, 335. At the commencement of his reign, he sent two legates to the council of Arles, convoked for the purpose of putting an end to the schism of the Donatists. The fathers of this assembly, by a synodal letter in which they expressed their regret that he had not been able himself to preside over them, addressed to him the canons which they then established.

The peace which the Church had obtained through Constantine, was soon troubled by Arius who began to promulgate his doctrines about the year 319. Arius was a native of Lybia; he was ordained priest at an advanced age and charged with the government of the churches of Alexandria. He had all the talents for persuasion, uniting to science and eloquence a modest and mortified demeanor, which gave greater weight to his words. His heresy consisted in the belief, that the Son of God was a mere creature, capable of virtue and vice according to his own free-will, and that he was not God truly, but by participation, as all others are to whom the name of God is attributed. He admitted that the Son of God existed before all ages, but at the same time he taught that he was not co-eternal with God, and that he had commenced to exist. To destroy at a single stroke this dangerous heresy, the universal Church assembled for the first time in a body, at Nice, in the year 325. Sylvester, prevented from attending by his great age, sent thither in his place two priests who with Osius, bishop of Cordova, presided at the assembly. The triumph of truth in this first œcumenical council, and the concurrence of Constantine, did not prevent the gradual propagation of this heresy in every part of the known world. Its dominion was one of violence wherever it was established, and Arianism, under the princes who favored it, produced very many martyrs of the true faith, but a greater number of apostates. The virtues of Sylvester, and the zeal which he manifested for the purity of the Christian doctrine, caused him to be canonized by public consent. Symmachus, one of his successors in the sixth century, dedicated a Church in his honor, where the body of the saint was afterwards deposited, and placed under the high altar. Historians relate that Pope Sylvester was exiled to mount Soracte during the reign of Constantine, and that on his return he baptized this prince, and at the same time healed him of the leprosy. This circumstance, contested by grave critics, is not sufficiently established.

Saint Mark, a Roman, was placed in the holy see, on Sunday the 28th of January, 336, but held it only eight months and twenty-one days, his death having occurred on the seventh of October following. He was interred in the cemetery which was subsequently called by his name, though at that time it bore the name of St. Balbinus, and originally that of Pretextatus, a short distance from the cemetery of Calixtus, near the Appian way.

On Sunday, the 6th of February, 337, the chair of St. Peter after a vacancy of four months, was occupied by St. Julius I, a citizen of Rome and a deacon of that church. The removal of the seat of empire to Byzantium and the death of Constantine signalized the commencement of his pontificate. But it is not less celebrated in ecclesiastical history, on account of the generosity with which Julius espoused the cause of St. Athanasius, or rather that of the Church, against the Arians. This illustrious bishop, to escape the fury of his enemies, took refuge near the Pope, who, already convinced of his innocence and of the injustice of those by whom he had been condemned, received him with every mark of the most tender affection. There is still extant, on this subject, either from him or from his council assembled in 342, a letter to the Eusebians which is one of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity, and which vindicates the truth with a vigor worthy the chief bishop of Christendom. Julius, using his right of supremacy, re-established, not only Athanasius, but all the bishops attached to his cause, in the churches of which the Eusebians had deprived them. Another letter of Julius, which scarcely yields to the preceding, is that which he wrote, after the departure of St. Athanasius, to the church of Alexandria, to congratulate it upon the return of its pastor. Not being able to assist in person at the council of Sardica, in the year 347, the sovereign pontiff was represented by two priests and a deacon. This Pope ordered that all ecclesiastical acts should be recorded by the chief notary. He died on the 12th of April, 352, after a wise and holy administration of the Church during fifteen years, two months, and six days.

The facts mentioned in the preceding pages confirm the proposition which we at first advanced, in reference to the necessity and benefits of the papacy. The period which we have traversed, offers a glorious series of thirty-six SAINTS, most of them martyrs, all illustrious by their struggles against the persecutions of paganism on the one side, and on the other against heresy or schism. Can we believe, that if the Church had not, from its birth, possessed a chief pastor, to direct the labors of its apostles, to provide for its wants, to decide in cases of internal dissension, it could have been sustained and propagated, even so far as to subdue the throne of the Cesars, and to plant its cross upon their diadem? The papacy, it must be acknowledged, because the fact is clearly attested by the course of events, has been for the religion of Jesus Christ a means of preservation, without which it would not have subsisted; but, if instead of *one* Pope, there had been *two*, it would have languished and succumbed before the end of the first century. So far, however, we have followed it to the middle of the fourth.

The facts which we have stated suggest to us another consideration.

We have seen, that the Popes received lands from the pious liberality of the faithful, and that these lands finally constituted the domain or the patrimony, or the *right* of St. Peter. According to some historians Constantine, from a spirit of gratitude, bestowed upon the Roman Church a most magnificent donation, giving to St. Sylvester the city of Rome, which he quitted to establish himself in Constantinople. Had this donation never been formally made by the emperor, the natural tendency of things itself would have easily transferred the capital of the Christian world into the hands of the Popes. "In Rome, while yet pagan," says M. de Maistre,* "the Roman pontiff, already embarrassed the Cesars. He was only their subject; they had all power against him, while he had none against them; yet still they could not be at rest while he was there. Upon his brow was seen the character 'of so elevated a priesthood, that the emperor, who bore among his other titles that of sovereign pontiff, viewed his presence in Rome with greater uneasiness, than he would have suffered in his armies a Cesar who disputed with him the empire.'† A secret hand drove those temporal princes from the eternal city, to give it to the head of the eternal Church. Perhaps in the mind

* Du Pape, t. i, p. 243.

† Bossuet, lettre pastorale, sur la communion pascale, n. iv, ex Cyp. epist. li, ad Ant.

of Constantine sentiments of faith and respect were mingled with the restraint that determined him to change the imperial seat; but there is reason to believe that the latter consideration induced him to remove the seat of the empire, much more than all the political motives which have been ascribed to him: 'thus was accomplished the decree of the Most High.' The same boundaries could not enclose the emperor and the pontiff; Constantine ceded Rome to the Pope."

TO BE CONTINUED.

PRASCOVIA, OR FILIAL PIETY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

A TRUE STORY.

Continued from page 632.

PRASCOVIA had now decided upon her journey, but the time of her departure was not yet fixed. Lopouloff hoped to receive some assistance from his friends. Several of the prisoners had sufficient means to befriend him, and some of them had made him, on other occasions, offers which he was too prudent to accept. But now he thought he might claim their aid. He wished also to find a traveller, in whose society his daughter might, at least, begin her pilgrimage. But he was disappointed in his expectations. Yet Prascovia was impatient to depart. The whole fortune of the family consisted in one rouble of silver. After having in vain endeavored to increase their mite, they fixed the day of the cruel separation, according to the wishes of the noble girl, on the eighth of September, the day of nativity of the B. Virgin. When this determination was known in the village, all their friends came to see her, led rather by curiosity than by real interest. Instead of lending her assistance, or of cheering her mind, they generally disapproved of her father's having consented to her departure. Those who could have given her money, pleaded unfortunate circumstances, which, they said, "often prevent our rendering services to our best friends;" but not to be altogether niggardly, they were profuse in woful predictions. Two of the poorest and most obscure prisoners, took up, however, the defence of Prascovia, and encouraged her parents. "Things more desperate," said they, "have succeeded beyond all hope. If she cannot speak herself to the emperor, she may find protectors who will undertake to recommend to him the object of her visit."

It may easily be imagined that Prascovia's parents, although they had consented to her journey, became more and more sad, as the day approached for her departure. She, however, looking only to the result which, she fancied, would be the restoration of her parents to a state of liberty and happiness, nerved herself for the moment when she would be compelled to bid them adieu, and recommended to the divine goodness herself and the plan which she had in view.

The time for parting at length arrived. Prascovia again attempted to comfort her parents by the prospect of her success, and then asked and received their benedictions; and having made a last effort of firmness, in disengaging herself from their arms, she quitted their poor dwelling forever. The two exiles accompanied her for a werst, while her parents, immovable at the door of their house, followed her with their eyes, to send her from afar a last farewell; but she did not look back, and soon was out of sight.

Lopouloff and his wife entered their habitation, now to them more gloomy than ever. Few visited them, because most of the gossips of Ischim blamed the father for having encouraged his daughter to venture on so imprudent an enterprise, and ridiculed his presumptuous hopes. They derided still more the two prisoners, who had the simplicity to repeat the promise which Prascovia had made them to interest herself in their favor, and congratulated them on their good fortune.

We must now leave this scene of distress, to follow our interesting traveller on her journey. When the two friends who had accompanied her for a short distance, left her, she met with a few country lasses, who were on their way to the next village, at about twenty-five wersts from Ischim. During their journey, they encountered a number of young peasants, some of whom were half drunk, and who alighted from their horses wishing to accompany the female travellers. The scene of this piece of clownish gallantry, was at the entrance of a thick forest. The terrified maidens, pretending to be fatigued, said they wished to refresh themselves: they sat down at the side of the road, opened their handkerchiefs which contained some provisions, and begged the intruders to continue on their way. But, like other "travelled gallants," they repeated their offer, and seemed resolute not to be denied. Prascovia, in order to rid herself of them, thoughtlessly made use of a little deceit. "We would gladly go with you," she said, "if we were not obliged to wait for our brothers who are coming to carry us in their wagons." Two wagons were indeed approaching, but they were yet at a considerable distance, and the lads had not seen them until Prascovia pointed in the direction in which they were seen, slowly advancing up the road. Her little stratagem was successful, for the men mounted their horses immediately and went off. "This was an untruth," said she, when speaking of her first adventure; "but it is too late now to recall it." She reached the village in safety, and was hospitably received by a peasant of her acquaintance.

On awaking the next morning, she felt the effects of the fatigues of the preceding day. They were indeed new to her, and on leaving the village where she had passed the night, and finding herself again on the road left to herself, she was for a moment terrified by the dangers that might await her. But the story of Hagar in the desert occurred soon to her mind, and revived her courage. She made the sign of the cross, and pursued her journey, recommending herself to her guardian angel. After having passed several houses, she discovered, by the eagle painted over a tavern, before which she had passed on the preceding evening, that instead of taking the road of St. Petersburg, she had gone in the opposite direction. She stopped to look around her, and turning towards the house of her hospitable friend, she saw him advancing towards her, and mildly reproaching her, he said: "My dear, if you travel in this way, you must not expect to go far, and you would indeed do better to return to your parents."

She made the same mistake several times, during her journey, and when she inquired for the road to St. Petersburg, although yet at an immense distance from that capital, the people, to her great confusion, laughed at her. Without the least geographical information about the country through which she was to travel, she imagined that Kiew, which is famous in the religious history of Russia, and of which her mother had often spoken to her, was on her way to St. Petersburg. She intended to pay her devotions in that city, and resolved to take the veil in one of its convents, if her enterprise should succeed. But observing that every body laughed at her inquiries after St. Petersburg, she begged to be directed to Kiew, and excited still more mirth.

Being once more than ever uncertain which of several roads that crossed each other before her, she should choose, she determined to await the arrival of a "Kibitk," which was approaching, and requested the travellers to direct her to Kiew. They thought she was jesting, and answered good-humoredly: "In whatever direction you go, you may reach Kiew, Paris,

and Rome." She took the middle road, which was fortunately the right one. In the narrative of her journey, she was unable to give any exact detail of the provinces through which she had travelled, or to name the villages through which she had passed, the names even which she remembered often proving her ignorance or inattention. When she arrived at a small village, she was generally received with kindness, at any house where she asked for hospitality; but obtained it with difficulty in larger places, and those which were remarkable for good dwellings; the refusal was sometimes rendered more painful, by the suspicion which was shown respecting her character.

In the vicinity of Kamouïcheff, and on her longest day's journey, she was overtaken by a violent storm, upon which she hastened, as much as her failing strength would permit, to reach some house that she hoped could not be far off; but a sudden blast of wind having thrown down a large tree before her, she ran in great terror into the thickest part of the forest, to seek for shelter in the underwood among the pines. The storm did not abate during the whole night, and the poor girl was but ill protected from the rain, which fell in torrents, and did not cease until day-break. She then continued her journey, as well as she could, chilled by the cold, and exhausted by inanition. Fortunately a peasant, who passed her on the skirts of the wood, took pity upon her, and offered to take her into his cart. Towards eight o'clock they arrived at a great village, where the driver left her in the middle of the street, being himself obliged to continue on his way. The good appearance of many of the houses made poor Prascovia fear an ill reception. Forced, however, by fatigue and hunger, to solicit relief, she advanced towards an elderly woman, who was standing at a low window, engaged in some business of the kitchen, and begged her to give her shelter. But the woman, looking at her contemptuously, roughly bade her go her way.

In alighting from the cart, Prascovia had fallen into the mud, of which her bespattered attire bore strong evidence. She was, moreover, much disfigured and wasted by the sufferings of the preceding night, and the want of aliment. The unfortunate girl could nowhere find admittance. An old waspish woman, at whose door she stopped in the last degree of dismay, sent her off with vociferations against thieves and prostitutes. A few steps farther was a church. Prascovia thought that there, at least, she should find a refuge; but the door being shut, she seated herself on the steps. Mischievous boys, who had followed her through the street, and had been witnesses of the ill-treatment she had received, continued calling her thief and insulting her. She remained for two hours in this deplorable situation, almost dying of hunger and cold, yet continually beseeching God to permit her to survive this severe trial.

A woman approached, at last, with a show of compassion. Prascovia told her what she had suffered the preceding night; and while they conversed together, other persons joined them. The "Starost," or mayor of the village, examined the passport, and having testified to it, the charitable woman offered to take her to her house: but Prascovia was not able to rise; her limbs were stiffened; she had lost one of her shoes, and her naked foot was much swollen. A general compassion succeeded soon, to the uncharitable suspicions which had been manifested. She was put in a cart, and the same boys who had a little before insulted her, exerted all their strength to carry her to the house of the person who was the author of this happy change. She remained with this good woman several days, and was treated with uncommon kindness. A benevolent peasant made and presented her with a pair of half-boots. When sufficiently restored to health, she took leave of her benefactress, and continued her journey, remaining more or less time in the villages through which she passed, according as she might need repose, or meet with hospitality; this, however, she did not always accept, without endeavoring to make herself useful to her benefactors, by washing, or assisting in other domestic labors. She disclosed the purpose of her journey, only when she was already received into a

house; for she had remarked, that when she did it immediately on begging assistance, she was distrusted and misconceived. Most men, indeed, are less disposed to become interested in those who manifest an intention of moving their compassion, than when they are left to the natural impulses of their generosity. They are, perhaps, rather willing to show their compassion, than to grant marks of esteem. Prascovia asked ordinarily for bread, said how exhausted she was, and how much she needed a little rest; and when she was admitted into a house, she mentioned her name, and made her host acquainted with her history. The way in which she performed her journey, gave her many opportunities of looking deeply into the human heart.

Oftentimes those who had refused her a shelter, recalled her when they saw her depart with big tears in her eyes, and became kind to her. Beggars accustomed to be refused, are little distressed at it; but Prascovia, although reduced to a similar situation, was probably too new to the feelings which it creates, to go without anguish through these trials of resignation and fortitude.

The advantage which she derived from exhibiting her passport, in which the military rank of her father was mentioned, led her to show it whenever she was in need of more than immediate assistance. In her intercourse with the numerous persons to whom she addressed herself, she had, upon the whole, met with infinitely more instances of benevolence and humanity, than of unkind treatment. "My journey was not," said she often, "as painful as some imagine, while they hearken with more eager attention to the few sufferings I have endured, than to the innumerable proofs of hospitality and benevolence, with which I was favored."

Among her most serious adventures, the following is remarkable, as well for its singularity, as for the dangers which perhaps threatened her life.

She was one evening walking on the side of a row of houses, to beg for a night's lodging, and had just been very rudely refused at the door of one of the villagers, when she heard the steps of a person behind her, and saw the same man calling her back. He had an ill-favored countenance. Prascovia hesitated at first to accept the invitations of the keen-looking old man, but followed him, fearing she might not obtain shelter elsewhere. She found in the hut, an old female, of still less prepossessing mien than the man, who, as he entered, bolted the door, and barred the window shutters. She was scarcely attended to by her hosts, who, besides, promised so little good by all that she could observe in their features and appearance, that she became alarmed, and regretted having accepted their hospitality. The room was lighted by a few chips of pine, thrust into a hole of the wall, whose place, when they were burnt, was supplied with more. By that dim light, she found the eyes of her hosts fixed upon herself, when first she durst look up. At last, the woman interrupted the silence, which had continued since Prascovia had been motioned to take a seat, by asking her from whence she came. "I come from Ischim," replied she, "and am going to St. Petersburg."—"Ho! ho! you must needs have a good deal of money, for such a long journey."—"I have but eighty kopecks in copper," stammered the trembling girl.—"Thou liest," returned the hag, "thou liest; no one goes on so long a journey, with so little money." The poor girl vainly protested that she had no more. The woman, addressing her husband, in a scoffing tone, said: "What thinkest thou? With eighty kopecks, from Tobolsk to St. Petersburg! Indeed! indeed!" Affronted by the distrust of her veracity, and terrified by the dangers which she began to apprehend, Prascovia prayed inwardly to God, to assist her, and strove to repress her tears. She had for her supper, a few potatoes; and when she had eaten them, the woman advised her to go to sleep. Having begun to suspect the honesty of her hosts, she would gladly have given them all her money, if she could have left their house. She threw off a part of her garment, before she ascended the stove,* where she was to spend the night, and left at the disposal of her

* The Russian peasants often sleep on a stove, for want of a bed.

room-mates her sack and pockets, expecting that they would count her money, without farther affronting her personally. When they supposed that she was asleep, they proceeded to the examination of her things. Prascovia could hear their half articulate conversation. "She has surely more money about her," said they;—"perhaps bank-notes."—"I saw," answered the woman, "a ribbon on her neck, supporting a small bag, where she probably keeps her money." This bag of gummed silk, contained her passport, which she never parted with. The conversation between the hosts, continued in a lower tone, and the few words which Prascovia could hear, were ill calculated to lull her into sleep. "No one saw her come into the house."—"Nobody knows even that she entered the village." The voices became then less audible, and soon they were entirely silent. Prascovia anticipating all the horrors which her alarmed imagination brought before her mind, felt, on a sudden, the head of the wretched old creature, who was mounting the stove. With anguish she prayed aloud for her life; she protested anew, gaspingly, that she had no money; but the hostess, instead of replying, examined her clothes, and took off her boots. The man brought a light: both searched the bag containing the passport; they obliged her to open her hands, and when they found all fruitless, they descended and left the poor girl more dead than alive.

This terrifying scene, and the dread of what might follow, prevented her for some time from closing her eyes: but when she became assured by the snoring of her hosts, that they were asleep, she recovered by degrees her usual tranquillity of mind, and her lassitude being probably greater than the fears which still agitated her, she fell at last into a tranquil sleep. It was late in the morning when the hostess awoke her. Prascovia left the stove, and could not help being astonished at the composure and seeming benevolence of both her hosts. Yet she would gladly have left them immediately; but they begged her to eat something, before she continued her journey. The woman set herself to work, and showed far more activity than on the preceding evening. She took out of the oven a pot of soup, with salt meat and cabbage, of which she presented to Prascovia a plentiful portion: her husband was not less prompt, and descending into a sort of cellar, beneath the floor, and covered with a trap-door, brought up a bucket of kvas (a liquor made of wheat-flour), and offered her a full pitcher. Somewhat tranquillized by these attentions, she replied readily to their inquiries, and told them a part of her story. They seemed to take interest in her situation; and, anxious to apologise for their previous behavior, they protested that they had no other reason for inquiring whether she had money, than because they suspected that she was a thief. She would see, added they, by examining her bag, that, as to themselves, there was no cause to doubt their honesty. Prascovia, on taking leave, was not quite sure what to think of them, but was glad to bid them farewell.

When she had got a few miles, on her way from the village, she counted her money; and the reader will conceive her astonishment, when she found it increased. Her hosts had added forty kopecks.

Prascovia was fain to mention this example of God's power, to touch the heart of the wicked with charity and compassion.

Shortly afterwards, she met with another accident, which alarmed her not a little. Having one day a long distance to walk, before she could reach any inhabited place, she set out at two o'clock in the morning. When she arrived at the outskirts of the village, a number of curs attacked her, and became more and more infuriated against her, as she ran to escape from them, and endeavored to defend herself with her staff. One dog seized her garment and tore it; another flew at her face, while she was kneeling and praying. "I thought," said she, "He who had saved me from tempest and human wickedness, would not abandon me, in this new danger: and my reliance on His protection was rewarded; for a villager came and frightened away the dogs."

The winter was fast setting in, and Prascovia was detained for a week in a village by the snow, which fell in such quantities

that it was impossible to travel on foot: and when the road became fit for sledges, she got ready to continue her journey; but the good people, who had received her under their roof, represented the fatigues of it to be such as the most robust men would be unable to support; for when the wind blows up the snow, the beaten paths become invisible, and the traveller is lost in a frozen wilderness. Happily for our pilgrim, a caravan of sleds, carrying provisions to Ekatherinemburgh for Christmas-day, arrived at the village. She obtained a seat in one of these vehicles. Yet, notwithstanding the care which the kind-hearted drivers took of her, she was ill-protected by her clothes against the severe cold, though she enveloped herself in one of the mats appropriated to the cover of the wares. The cold became so intense, on the fourth day, that when the caravan halted, the poor girl could not rise from the sled. She was carried to a sort of inn, at thirty wersts distant from any village, and where the relays for messengers and travellers were kept. One of her cheeks was frost-bitten. A fellow-traveller hastened to rub it with snow, and all of them were anxious to assist her; but they refused to convey her farther, because they considered it too dangerous for her to travel in such severe cold, which might yet increase, without better clothing than she was provided with. The poor girl wept bitterly, when she reflected that she probably could not meet again with such a good opportunity, and such kind people. The innkeeper seemed, besides, not at all inclined to receive her, and advised her to continue with the company with whom she had arrived. The drivers, seeing her distress, resolved to buy her a pelisse of sheepskin, which, in that part of Russia, costs but five roubles; and each one offered to contribute his mite for that purpose. But unfortunately there was no merchant to sell a pelisse, and none of the inmates of the "kharstma" (the inn) was willing to part with his own, for fear he should be obliged to wait too long for an opportunity of procuring another. In this perplexity, one among the youngest of the drivers, proposed that they should alternately lend her their pelisses, or that he would give her his own, if his comrades would each, by turns, part with his for a given time. The suggestion was received with loud applause; and a calculation was quickly made of the distance, and the number of times that the pelisses were to be changed. A Russian peasant likes to know what is expected from him, and is not easily cheated. When the arrangement was completed, the girl was put, well wrapped in her pelisse, on a sled; and the lad, who had given her his fur coat, covered himself with the mat, which she had used before, and seating himself upon her feet, began a merry song, and opened the march of the caravan. At every mile-stone, one of the drivers gave up his pelisse; and in this way the company reached without accident Ekatherinemburgh, in good spirits, and in less time than usual.

During that whole journey, Prascovia did not cease to pray to God, that the generous action of her companions might not prove injurious to their health.

Prascovia alighted in the town, at the same inn or caravansary where her fellow-travellers stopped. The hostess having been partly informed, by the latter, of Prascovia's history, and inferring that she was without money, went to her and took occasion to mention some of the inhabitants most noted for charity, and advised her to solicit their assistance, and the means of continuing her journey. She mentioned with particular commendation, a lady by the name of Milin, who, she said, was an angel of benevolence, and the mother of the poor of the city. All the persons present agreed in this encomium. Had not Prascovia had worldly wisdom enough to guess at the meaning of mine hostess, she would more expressly have been invited to seek another shelter. The house where she was then, was what the Russians call a "Postoïaleroi-dvor" or "place of rest," a sort of large stable, covered only at the top, and in an angle of which is a warm room, the fourth of its whole size. The travellers accommodate themselves as well as they can, in this chamber, and those who cannot find room on the stove, sleep on the floor.

The day after her arrival, Prascovia went out early in the morning, to inquire after the generous lady whom her hostess had mentioned to her; but, according to her usual custom, she sought first a church. It was Sunday, and the church contained a larger number of people than she had ever yet seen together in one place. The fervor with which she said her prayers, called the attention of some; and her bag and her attire that of others. When she left the church, a lady asked her who she was. Prascovia answered her briefly; and remembering the call she was to make, inquired of her for the house of Mrs. Milin, who, she added, had been represented to her as a generous and benevolent lady. Probably Mrs. Milin had seldom heard of her reputation, in so unsuspicious a way. She had, however, her portion of human frailty; and instead of saying who she was, she replied to Prascovia: "Mrs. Milin, who has been so much praised to you, is not by any means so charitable as you imagine. If you would come with me, I can perhaps procure you a better shelter."

After all she had heard of Mrs. Milin's virtues, Prascovia could not help forming an unfavorable opinion of her new acquaintance, and she accompanied her, without either accepting or refusing her proposal. Observing that she seemed to follow with reluctance, Mrs. Milin said to her: "However, if you have such a great desire to speak to that lady, her house is close by: I will accompany you, and you shall see what sort of reception she will give you. But promise me before, my child, that if she does not urge you to remain, you will go with me." Without answering, Prascovia entered the house with her, and addressing the first female servant she met, she asked if Mrs. Milin was at home. Astonished to hear such a question from a person who came in company with her mistress, she did not immediately reply.—"Can I see Mrs. Milin?" repeated Prascovia.—"Do you not see her?" said the maid. Turning back, she saw her acquaintance, who extended her arms to embrace her. "Ah! my heart told me that Mrs. Milin was kind and compassionate," cried our traveller, kissing the lady's hands.

Mrs. Milin, greatly amused with this little scene, immediately sent for a friend who lived with her, Mrs. G. a person no less benevolent and generous than herself, to consult with her on the means of becoming most serviceable to the young girl. After breakfast, and when Prascovia had become a little better acquainted with her benefactress and her friend, she related to them all that she knew of the misfortunes of her parents, and mentioned, at last, the resolution she had formed, of imploring of the emperor her father's liberty.

Though Mrs. Milin did not trust much in Prascovia's success, she did not immediately endeavor to dissuade her from her enterprise, but she and Mrs. G. resolved to engage her to remain, at all events, with them until the spring. She was herself reluctant to continue her journey at that rude season, the cold having lately much increased. The two ladies, with a view of determining her to remain, did not tell her what they intended to do in her favor, and what they performed afterwards, to aid her in her noble exertions.

Prascovia felt herself very happy in the company of her new friends. Their affability, their polished manners, and unaffected kindness, afforded her a delight which was before unknown to her. She loved to remember each little incident of that fortunate time, and she never pronounced the name of her principal benefactress without deep emotion.

Her health, however, was not so good as might have been expected from the comforts which she now enjoyed. The cold she had caught in the night she passed in the forest, had been increased by the fatigues and the inclement weather during her subsequent journey. She was, nevertheless, very industrious in learning to read and write. Her parents might be thought very blameable for having so much neglected her education, had not their situation been such as to make them fear that their child, who was, in all probability, to spend her life in the lowest occupations, might become rather miserable than happy

through the cultivation of her mind. Her heroism was the more interesting for that very neglect of her education. The little practice of reading she had acquired in her childhood, she forgot when afterwards obliged to aid her mother in her domestic employment. Now, however, that, for the first time, she enjoyed leisure, she applied herself with all her natural ardor and perseverance to reading, and in a few months was able to peruse the prayer-book presented to her by her benefactress, who was often obliged to restrain her zeal. Her exertions were so much the more endeared to her, she said, as she found in the prayer-book the natural impulses of her heart, explained in the clearest and most affecting language. "How happy are the rich!" she once exclaimed; "how they must pray with all their soul, having so many means of studying and understanding their religion, of expressing their gratitude to their divine Benefactor, and of appreciating his gifts!"

Mrs. Milin smiled at these reflections of the enthusiastic girl, thinking that nothing could be impossible for so devoted a heart, and so ardent a piety as hers; and she determined, in common with her friend, to encourage Prascovia in her undertaking, and to leave it to the care of Providence, to enable her to surmount those difficulties in which their aid could be of no avail. Before they knew her as well as they now did, they had, as we have already observed, tried to dissuade her, and made her the most flattering offers to induce her to remain with them. But nothing could alter her determination. She reproached herself sometimes for the comforts and the happiness she enjoyed. "How does my poor father do in the desert, while his daughter forgets herself so much in her unexpected good fortune?" She often upbraided herself in this way; and her benefactress thought, at last, that it would be better for her to continue her journey as soon as the weather should permit. In the spring, Mrs. Milin, after having provided for her wants, put her on board of a boat, under the care of a man who was going to Niejeni, and who was accustomed to make that difficult voyage. Before leaving the Oural mountains which separate Ekatherinemburgh from Niejeni, the traveller embarks on the rivers, which run from these highlands and flow towards the north. He continues in the boat until he reaches the Tobol, where he lands to cross the mountains. The road is neither very high nor very rugged; and when the mountains have been passed, the traveller embarks anew on the rivers which fall into the Wolga. Prascovia went on board of one of the numerous craft which are employed to carry iron and salt into Russia along the Tchousova and Khama.

The person to whose care she was entrusted, spared her many troubles during this long journey, which she could hardly have performed without such assistance; but unfortunately for her, he became ill in passing the defiles, and was obliged to remain in a small village on the banks of the Khama. Deprived again of all protection, she travelled, nevertheless, without any ill accident, till she reached the confluence of the Khama and the Wolga. From that place the boats going up the river are drawn by horses. During that passage, our traveller met with an unfortunate accident. One of those violent storms, which are so frequent in that country, had suddenly arisen, and the steersmen, endeavoring to put off the boat, pushed with all their strength a large oar that supplied the place of the rudder, on the side where several persons were sitting. They had not time to turn it off, and three of the passengers, Prascovia included, were thrown into the river. She was immediately taken out of the water, and happily without any injury; but, reluctant to dress herself in the presence of so many persons, she retained her wet apparel, and took a violent cold, which, in the end, proved fatal to her existence.

The ladies of Ekatherinemburgh, having commissioned the person into whose care they had put their young friend, to make the necessary arrangements for the continuation of her journey from Niejeni, had not recommended her to any one in that city, where in fact she did not intend to stop: but now, in consequence of the accident which had befallen her companion, she

found herself in Niejeni, without any acquaintance or support.

Opposite the landing place, on the bank of the Wolga, are situated on the top of a hill, a church and a convent. Prascovia immediately directed her steps towards the former, intending to seek, after her prayers, a shelter somewhere in the city.

When she entered the solitary church, she heard from behind the grate, female voices chanting the concluding part of the evening prayers. She considered this as a happy omen. "At some future day," she thought, "if heaven prospers my enterprise, I shall also be invisible to the world, and have no other calling than to worship and thank my Creator."

On leaving the church, she stopped a while on the steps to enjoy the splendid sight which meets the eye at that place, and which was then mellowed by the soft light of the setting sun. Niejeni Novogorod is built on the confluence of the rivers Oca and Wolga, and seen from the spot where Prascovia stood, presents one of the most beautiful landscapes: our poor girl had no idea of so large a town, and she clasped her hands with admiration and amazement.

In setting out on her pilgrimage, she was prepared to meet, with resignation, all the sufferings and dangers, which, in her ignorance of the world, she could represent to herself; the inclemency of winter, oppressive heat, hunger, nakedness, diseases, death: but since she had become a little more acquainted with larger collections of men than in her village of Ischim, she feared her courage would be insufficient. In the wilderness she had no conception of the mournful and chilling solitude that awaits the poor in populous cities: she did not imagine that thousands of fellow-beings would walk by her without seeing her, and without listening to her prayers, as if they had no eyes for misery, nor ears for sighs and lamentations.

Besides, since her acquaintance with Mrs. Milin and her friend, a sense of propriety, self-respect, and perhaps a little pride, rendered the humiliations to which her situation exposed her, more painful than ever. "When shall I find," said she to herself, "friends like those I have left? I am now at more than a thousand wersts from them; and how shall I be able to approach the palace of the emperor, when I tremble to ask shelter at the poorest inn!"

For the first time, her courage was shaken, and with mournful dejection and bitter tears, she dwelt on the thought that she had, perhaps, been wrong to leave her parents on so adventurous an errand. But her natural strength soon got the better of this momentary weakness. Her confidence in God reviving in her bosom, she became ashamed of her despondency, sought forgiveness of her guardian angel, and hurried again into the church, to implore the Almighty for new fortitude to support her sufferings. Her steps towards the altar were precipitate; her prayers were fervent. A nun, who was about to shut the church, and had seen her enter, and witnessed her devotion, interrupted her by observing that it was time to retire, and by addressing some questions to her. Prascovia, yet agitated, told the cause of her re-entrance into the church, and, confessing her reluctance to seek for a shelter in an inn, declared how infinitely she would prefer spending the night in the poorest corner of the convent. The nun replied that it was not permitted to lodge strangers, but that the abbess would perhaps succor her. "I want no other assistance than a night's lodging," returned Prascovia; and showing her little purse, she added, "this gift of two charitable ladies, places me above the necessity of asking alms for the present, and all I now long for, is to be permitted to pass the night under this roof; to-morrow I shall continue my journey."

The sister offered to present her to the abbess. At the entrance of her room, they found her on her knees, engaged in prayer. The nun stopped and kneeled. Prascovia following the example, breathed ardent supplications to God, to dispose the heart of the abbess in her favor. After a little while this lady rose, and advancing towards Prascovia, kindly offered her hand to raise her. Our traveller related her story, shewed her passport, and begged for hospitality. Her request was immediately granted. The

company was soon increased by the arrival of several nuns, whom curiosity had brought into the room of the abbess. In answering their various inquiries, Prascovia was insensibly led to mention the many incidents of her journey; and such were the affecting simplicity and natural eloquence of her narrative, that her hearers could not restrain their tears, and vied with each other in showing the interest with which she had inspired them. She was loaded with kindnesses and caresses; the abbess lodged her in her own apartment, and was glad to think that she might become one of her novices.

We have already mentioned, that Prascovia had formed the resolution of spending the rest of her life in a convent, if she should succeed in her endeavors to procure the liberty of her father. Better acquainted with the religious establishments of Kiew, than with those of Niejeni, she had determined to take the veil in one of the convents of the former city, because she wished to visit the famous catacombs,* which she had heard belonged to its cathedral, and was desirous to be near the many holy relics which those tombs enclose. However, since she had learned that Kiew was not on the road of St. Petersburg, she was not disinclined to choose the convent of Niejeni for her future retreat. The nuns pressed her to make her vows, but she would only give a qualified promise. "Do I know," said she, "what God may yet require from me? I wish,—I long to finish my days here, and if it is also the will of heaven, who shall oppose it?"

She readily consented to spend a few days at Niejeni, to rest herself, and prepare for her journey to Moscow; but, instead of profiting by it, she began to feel the effects of her extraordinary exertions, and became dangerously ill. Since her accident on the Wolga, she had suffered much from a troublesome cough, and she fell now into an inflammatory fever, which alarmed her physicians for her life. She herself felt no apprehension. "I cannot believe," said she "that my time has come, and I hope that God will permit me to perform my task." She mended indeed, gradually, and spent the rest of the autumn in the convent. But, feeble as she was, she could not continue her journey on foot, and still less support the jolting of post-wagons. For want of means to procure a more comfortable mode of conveyance, she was obliged to wait until the season for travelling in sledges had begun. In the meantime she observed and practised the rules and the duties of the convent, perhaps retarding by it her recovery, but improving in her studies. By her conduct she won more and more the esteem and affection of the nuns, who had no longer any doubt that she would, at some future time, return to them and become a permanent member of their society.

When at last the roads were fit for travelling, she departed in a covered sled, with some other travellers, for Moscow. The abbess gave her a letter for one of her friends in that capital, and promised her that she should find a refuge in her convent, and be received at it as a favorite child, whatever might be the result of her pilgrimage.

* The catacombs of Kiew are large subterraneous galleries under the cathedral, containing the remains of a great number of Greek saints, dressed in rich apparel, but of whose persons only the faces, hands, and feet are visible; yet the bodies are said to be entire. The fleshy part of them has the color and hardness of mahogany. The religious service at the Cathedral is committed to the monks of an ancient and rich monastery.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE THEATRE.*

WE learn from history, that in every age they who have had a regard for sound morals, have evinced an opposition to theatrical representations. They were first introduced at Athens, and the legislator of that celebrated republic did not hesitate to condemn, as an unworthy citizen, the author of them, who exhibited the hideous spectacle of a false divinity under the garb of intemperance. In assuming a more polished exterior, the ancient drama only became the more dangerous; for then, as now-a-days, it was the achievements of unlawful passions that were displayed to the view of the public. Philosophers indeed wept over such a state of things; but what could they effect to stay a licentiousness which the dramatic poets continually presented to the gaze of the people?

When Greece fell under the power of the Romans, the scenic art was carried from that country to the capital of the world, and was one of the means by which the conquered revenged themselves of their conquerors, introducing among them, as an excellent historian has remarked, unbecoming usages and disgraceful fancies.

The gravest writers of pagan antiquity loudly protested against the exhibitions of the theatre, with a view to arrest their baneful influence over public morals. In speaking of the ancient Germans, an historian alleges as the reason of their sound morality, that "they were not corrupted by the licentiousness of popular shows." He elsewhere mentions these exhibitions as having introduced into Rome every species of disorder and infamy, and as having contributed more than any other cause to the corruption of its people. Another writer lauds the decree of the senate, that required the demolition of all newly constructed theatres. In Lacedemon, the comedian, buffoon and other dramatic actors were banished the republic; in Rome they were branded with infamy; "*Quisquis in scenam prodierit, ait prætor, infamis est.*"

But can that which was criminal, which was the destroyer of virtue and the source of every vice in a pagan community, be lawful among a Christian people? Can we have a right to permit, under the law of grace, in the face of the Gospel and under the shadow of the cross, that which decency alone reprobated before man was regenerated from above? No, one of the most glorious features in Christianity is, that it will not connive at any sinful act, that it proscribes unreservedly every thing vicious, and requires its followers to shun even the appearance of evil. If the reckless Christian attempts to conciliate the unlawfulness of the theatre with the maxims of the Gospel, he who values his salvation will rather listen submissively to its teaching, as declared by the voice of the Church. All her councils that have taken this subject into consideration, have condemned the drama of their respective periods. A synod of Arles pronounces excommunication against theatrical actors. A council held by St. Charles Borromeo, is still more severe in the penalties which it inflicts upon such persons. If we consult the fathers of the Church, we shall find them denouncing, in the strongest terms, the exhibitions of which we are speaking. Tertullian calls the theatre "a place that gives rise to unholy thoughts, a rendezvous of demons, an assembly of the enemies of Christ." Its performances are termed by St. Jerom "the idols of Egypt, the mere sight of which will contaminate the soul." "What a subject of grief and of shame," exclaims St. Cyprian, "is presented by the dramatic art! how sorely does it wound the morals of the people!" He adds, that a priest ought to refuse the holy communion to an actor, as long as he continues to exercise his profession. St. Augustin asserts, that "the theatre is the ruin of morality." In a word, St. John Chrysostom does not hesi-

* Translated and condensed from a late *Pastoral Letter* of the bishop of Marseilles.

tate to pronounce the drama, "a school of vice, a rallying-point of lust, a receptacle of uncleanness, a furnace of Babylon." This is most assuredly energetic language; but if the eloquent archbishop of Constantinople had lived in modern times, how much more forcibly would he have depicted the excesses that are now witnessed!

It cannot be denied that what ought to be the most carefully shunned by a Christian, is the most frequently brought under his observation in a theatre. Does he not there behold every incentive to a vice, which, according to the apostle St. Paul, should not even be named among the followers of Christ! Is not the subject developed before him, almost always made up of incidents arising from the successful scheming or disappointed hopes of some wild and enthusiastic suitor? Is it not the opportunity of witnessing the living image of scenes congenial and flattering to the corruption of the human heart, that too frequently leads the worlding to exhibitions of this description? But this is not the only evil that they produce. False maxims, and maxims altogether at variance with the precepts of the gospel, are there inculcated in the most solemn and impressive manner. Every thing is fitted in a theatrical display, to pass off, not only the follies and vanities of the world, but even its crimes and disorders, as harmless, nay worthy of admiration and praise. All kinds of iniquity find their justification in the circumstances of those who have perpetrated it, and awaken in the breast of the spectator feelings of sympathy much oftener than those of horror and aversion. To say that the drama has a moral tendency, would be a mockery of all experience. It is true, you will occasionally hear on the stage a pompous eulogy of virtue, and magnificent exclamations in favor of the high principles that should govern the conduct of men; but all this is a mere desecration of what is holy and estimable. The maxims of virtue are opposed and counteracted in too many ways by the immoral arts of the modern drama; and hence a writer, who was far from being a friend of religion, has ridiculed the idea of associating morality with the theatre, and has well observed that the union of the two would itself be a fit subject for a drama, particularly as it would be represented for the first time.

Nor is it only by the ordinary aids of language and impassioned elocution that the pernicious maxims of the drama are inculcated; every seduction that art can invent is employed to act upon the passions and to produce the deepest impressions. To the physical excitement of the *dramatis personæ*, to their affected tones and too often indelicate attitudes, are added the enchantments of music, that nothing may be wanting to lead away captive the mind and heart of the auditor. But what shall we say of the dance that is not unfrequently mingled with such performances? Is it a worthy spectacle for Christian eyes to gaze upon? In ancient times, among the Greeks and Romans, a female was never suffered to participate in the pantomime, or appear as an actress on the stage; the moral sense of the community would have been shocked by such a disorder. But at the present day, and under the light of the Gospel, woman is introduced upon the scene, as the idol of men's adoration; an idol the undue veneration of which has been known to vilify them to a level with the brute creation.

We have every reason, therefore, to say, beware of the theatre. If immoral books or objects offensive to modesty are to be avoided, there is much more reason to shun them, when extraordinary means are used to heighten their dangerous influence. You will ask, perhaps, if it is an evil to visit the theatre, how does it happen that so many persons of respectability frequent it? But it is easy to answer in the words of Bossuet to a powerful monarch: "there are great examples in favor of the theatre; but there are weighty reasons against it;" and it is certain that bad example should never prevail over the requirements of Christian morality. The number of those who flock to the drama, far from being admissible as a plea of justification, is rather an additional motive for condemning it. Not to speak of those individuals who are the outcast of society, can it be said that the classes which frequent the theatre, are the wiser and the

more religious portion of the community? There are no doubt many upright and respectable persons among them; but is it not true that the general characteristic of a theatrical assembly, is a spirit of levity, of vanity, of sensuality, of worldliness, of imprudence, which is altogether opposed to the spirit of the Gospel? Is not this the world which the apostle warns us not to love? Do we not here meet with those stumbling blocks which caused the Son of God to utter the malediction, "wo to the world because of its scandals?" In vain will it be urged by some persons that they visit the play, merely as a pastime, and by others that they receive no injury from its entertainments. To the first we would reply that amusement or relaxation should never be purchased at the risk of innocence and virtue; to the second, that they have no right to fancy themselves secure, where the piety of so many others has suffered a fatal shipwreck. At all events, charity requires that we should not, by example, encourage in our neighbor, a profession, a practice, or an action which may be the occasion of his spiritual ruin.

The dangers of the theatre are to be shunned with peculiar caution at the present day, when the ingenuity of human passion is exerted to the utmost in the contrivance of novel and more refined enjoyments. Let the parent particularly think well before he suffers his children to be the spectators of a theatrical display. To permit them to do so would be imitating the example of the Israelites, who once sacrificed their sons and their daughters to evil spirits. We say to all, *non licet;* it is not allowed to visit the theatre.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Vicariates and Prefectures of the Catholic Church.

EUROPE.

States.	Vics.	Prefs.	Miss'aries.	Population.
England,	8	..	624	1,000,000
Nassau,	.	..	...	180,000
Low Countries,	5	..	1,742	1,304,890
Gibraltar,	1	..	10	13,000
Sweden and Norway,	1	..	2	2,000
Denmark,	1	..	7	3,000
Scotland,	3	..	86	100,000
Saxony,	.	..	..	*28,000
Saxe-Weimar,	.	..	..	10,174
Wittemberg,	.	..	..	512,333
Buskovina & Neoplanta,	1	..	..	14,000
Italo-Greeks,	3	..	144	30,000
Constantinople,	1	..	46	10,000
Turkish Dalmatia,	.	..	7	7,206
Moldavia and Wallachia,	2	..	30	64,000
Bosnia,	1	..	106	128,672
Bulgaria,	2	..	12	6,309
	29	00	2,816	3,413,584

* Besides this, is the German Confederacy, in which there are three vicars apostolic, and a Catholic population amounting to 2,068,968.

ASIA.

States.	Vics.	Prefs.	Miss'aries.	Population.
Turkey in Asia,	3	1	...	12,000
India west of the Ganges,	7	..	...	758,000
India beyond the Ganges,	6	..	179	457,000
China,	10	..	160	360,000
	26	1	339	1,577,000

AFRICA.

Abyssinia,	.	1	5	.....
Bourbon, Island,	.	1	12	100,000
Cape of Good Hope,	1	..	4	2,000
Egypt,	2	..	50	10,000
Guinea,	1	..	16	.....
Madagascar,	.	1	6	.....
Morocco, Empire,	.	1	1	300
Mauritius,	1	..	6	85,000
Senegal,	.	1	2	25,000
Tripoli,	.	1	4	1,300
Tunis,	.	1	6	7,600
	5	7	112	231,200

AMERICA.

English Possessions,	2	..	..	73,000
French Possession,	.	1	..	1,300

States.	Vics.	Prefs.	Miss'aries.	Population.
Texas, Republic,	1	..	5	10,000
Antilles,	3	..	..	256,000
Hayti,	1	..	..	1,000,000
Guiana,	2	..	..	24,000
French Guiana,	.	1	..	16,000
	9	2	5	1,380,300

OCEANICA.

Batavia,	1	..	..	10,000
Western Oceanica,	1	..	..	50,000
	2	0	0	69,000

SUMMARY OF MISSIONS AND THEIR POPULATION.

	Vics.	Prefs.	Miss'aries.	Population.
Europe,	29	..	2,816	3,413,584
Asia,	26	.	339	1,577,000
Africa,	5	7	112	231,200
America,	9	2	...	1,380,000
Oceanica,	2	..	...	60,000
Total,	71	9	3,267	5,662,084

Population of the Catholic world, 160,842,424.

ITALY.—The reports that have gone abroad, of grave events in Italy, are unfounded, as we gather from the official publications of that country.

IRELAND.—*The Catholic Missionary College of All Hallows, Drumcondra.*—We are much gratified to find that there are already thirty-nine students in this college preparing for the foreign missions; eight for Madras, two for Calcutta, one for Agra, three for Australia, one for the Cape of Good Hope, four for Demerara, four for Trinidad, four for Indiana, in North America; one for New York, ditto; one for Boston, ditto; five for Scotland; and the others for places not named to us. The establishment is as yet only in its infancy. The directors, are, however, commissioned by the bishops of the diocesses before named, and by other bishops of various parts of the world, to select and educate young ecclesiastics for their respective missions; so that, from the encouragement which this admirable institution is receiving from the bishops of the foreign missions, we may calculate that ere long this will become one of the most powerful means in the hands of Divine Providence to diffuse and sustain our holy faith throughout the world, and that Ireland will shortly again merit the name which she so long before retained—*the Island of Saints.—Tablet.*

NORWAY.—It is painful to observe, how readily Protestant writers take every occasion of declaiming against the pretended intolerance of the Catholic Church. They tell us of Spain, of Italy, &c., whilst they are careful to say nothing of the fanaticism and persecuting spirit, evinced in every Protestant country, against the professors of the ancient faith. It is a fact manifest from history, and evident in our own times, that Protestantism has shown the will to persecute, when she has had the power to do so. But a few years only have passed, since Protestant England was forced, by the circumstances of the age, to repeal, for the most part, her penal code. The late king of Prussia raised his arm against the hierarchy of the Church in his dominions, and imprisoned two of her most estimable prelates; but the spirit of the people being aroused by these acts of religious tyranny, the present king was necessitated to relinquish the principles of his father. The Protestant cantons of Switzerland have also evinced, of late years, the intolerant spirit of the first reformers. The Protestant ministers, who went from our own country to the islands of the South Seas, have used all their efforts to arouse a persecuting spirit among the barbarians over whom they had gained influence; and the French Catholic missionaries to those islands have been made to experience, by their sufferings, how effectually they succeeded.

But if Catholics have rejoiced at witnessing more moderate principles prevail in England and Prussia, they will doubtless experience increased delight, upon learning that the principles of toleration are being extended to their brethren in the Protestant kingdoms of the north of Europe. Over these Lutheranism has prevailed since the period of the Reformation, to the exclusion of every other system of belief. The Catholics in Sweden and Norway were in an especial manner objects of aversion to the government, and laws were enacted against them which rivalled those which stained the statute book of England. The clergy were exiled; the faithful were forbidden to assemble for religious purposes; they were required to attend the Protestant worship, and to have the sacraments administered according to the forms of the Lutheran service. But after full three hundred years of trials and persecutions, we find by a notice in the ministerial journal of the kingdom of Norway, that more tolerant principles begin to prevail in that remote country: that religious privileges to a certain extent, have, during the present year, been extended to the Catholics. The Catholics in the city of Christiania have been permitted to build a church, to have their own pastor, to assemble publicly for divine worship, and to have the sacraments of Baptism and Matrimony performed according to the rites of their own Church. They are not allowed, however, to hold public processions. In cases of mixed marriage, the ceremonies must

be performed by the Lutheran minister, and the Catholic party is required to sign a certificate, that he will raise the children in the Protestant faith, and prevent his spouse from becoming a Catholic, in case she should desire to embrace the ancient faith. The priest is forbidden to receive any Lutheran into the Catholic Church. At the end of the year, he must present to the civil magistrate a list of the marriages, births, and deaths.

Such is the substance of the decree in favor of the Catholics of Norway. It is, no doubt, the harbinger of future good. As in Norway and Sweden the hierarchy has been preserved, we may hope that this emancipation of the Catholic Church, will be attended by benefits no less conspicuous than those which are daily developed in England. Already one minister of distinguished talents in Sweden has lately inculcated the insufficiency of the Bible alone as the rule of Faith, but he drew upon himself the hatred of the established church.

A Swedish journal observes that Rev. Mr. Palmer, of Oxford, was expected at Stockholm. The object of his visit, it is conjectured, is to persuade the Lutheran church of Sweden and Norway to embrace the principles of Oxford, and to form a union with the church of England. As yet we are to learn the success he has met with.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—We have had handed to us a letter from the Rev. Mr. Walsh, one of the persecuted priests of the Sandwich Islands, dated at *Kanai Koloa*, 1843, from which we make the following extracts:

"The number of *image worshippers* (so the misnamed orthodox missionaries of New England, in the plenitude of their zeal, are pleased to term us) in this Archipelago is about ten thousand, and I confidently trust, that ere long, the members of our holy religion here will double that number. Yes, truth must prevail, and cant and bigotry, which have for several years reigned triumphant in these islands, must necessarily yield to the superior power of that Church which is the 'pillar and ground of truth.'

You will confer additional favors on our mission if you could send a few good controversial books. Milner's End of Controversy has already, with God's grace, made some converts from Protestantism amongst our foreign residents, but I have only one copy of that admirable work, which I lend to those whom I find inclined sincerely to seek after truth."—*Bost. Pilot.*

THE REV. FATHER DE SMET ABROAD.—We translate the annexed interesting paragraph, in regard to this excellent man, from the Paris *L'Ami de la Religion* of the 9th September.

"The Rev. Father de Smet who left this city for Rome on the 10th of August, returned some days since. His journey was marked by an incident worth noting.

"Going down the Rhone, on the 11th of August, in the steamboat which runs between Lyons and Avignon, a young man with his head full of the notions of MM. Michelet and Quinet undertook to repeat the usual invectives of these gentlemen against the Jesuits. A bystander, who appeared to be about forty-five years of age, stout and apparently a Belgian, grave and modest in his demeanor, was among the few who preserved silence. At length, addressing himself to the young declaimer, he said with a winning mildness of tone and manner: '*My friend, I am a Jesuit.* [At this avowal all eyes were turned upon the speaker.] I have been one for three and twenty years, and if there were one word of truth in all you have just said, I should never have been so long a member of the order; on the contrary, I should quit it at once. [Here there was a general and strong sensation among the passengers, who came crowding round, from all parts of the boat.] Your tirade was a tissue of misstatements. If such are the sentiments which the university puts into the mouths of her students, no wonder that all France is fast becoming disgusted with the university monopoly, no wonder that she is demanding, together with the freedom of teaching, the right of religious education, and that the Jesuits begin to be so generally chosen by parents, as they have been already by the many families who send their children to the colleges of Fribourg, of Brugelette, and other similar establishments. These institutions, spacious as they are, can scarcely accommodate the pupils who flock to them from all quarters; so that the question is becoming to the university one of money and profit and loss; nothing else. I am aware, gentlemen, that it is the commonest thing in the world to find the Jesuits attacked by persons who know nothing about them, and I have no doubt that this is the case in the present instance. I am, probably, the first Jesuit the most of you have ever seen.'

"All the by-standers, not excepting the oldest among them, confessed very good humoredly, that it was so.

"To cover his defeat, the young man insisted that there were among the Jesuits many conspirators and political incendiaries; and quoted in proof of this the assertions of the newspapers. The good father replied, that, in the first place, if any persons of that description were discovered in the order, they were expelled forthwith, and, in the next place, that if for every falsehood as-

serted by the newspapers, a handful of sand were cast into the Rhone, the boat which was at the moment making such headway, would very soon run aground.

"The laugh was now on the side of the Jesuit; a thousand apologies were offered, a thousand expressions of kindness and good-will, and every body in the crowd (which by this time included almost every passenger on board) was anxious to know 'who could the priest be?'

"Of course they were not long in finding out that he was Father de Smet, a Belgian Jesuit, and a missionary among the Flat Head Indians, whom he had converted. They learned also from the impressive, but simple narrative of the good father, that in the Rocky Mountains his labors had been crowned with the same magnificent results, which the philosophers of Europe could not help recognizing and admiring in the republics of Paraguay. Further details of the greatest interest respecting the North American Indians and the incredible toils of the Catholic missionaries in their efforts to convert and civilize them, soon won the admiration and respect of the whole company.

"The missionary happened to speak of a war dress of an Indian chief with all its accoutrements, &c., complete, which he was bringing as a present to the superior-general of his order; and on all sides there was a most lively desire to see such a curiosity. The good father consented at once, and the captain of the boat was kind enough to have the baggage searched which contained the package. The dress had belonged to a warrior more than six feet in height, a great chief of the *Black Feet*, slain in battle by the *Flat Heads*, who presented the spoils to their missionary. Its novelty and beauty were the theme of general admiration."—*Freeman's Jour.*

Massacre of the Nestorians.—The sad tidings of the massacre of the Nestorians by the Mahommedan Pacha, in combination with the Kurdish chiefs, in the mountains near Mosul, are confirmed. The jealousy and fears of the Pacha were excited by the report of the erection of fortresses in the mountains by the Nestorians, prompted by American missionaries. Mr. Badger, sent by the bishop of London, is said to have used his influence with the Pacha to eject the Americans. The same allegation, with less semblance of truth, is made as to the French Catholic missionaries. But it is beyond all credibility that either instigated the Mahommedan to the sanguinary act. The fact seems to be that the American missionaries suggested to the mountaineers ideas of independence, which provoked the fury of the Turk, so that these poor people have fallen victims to the missionaries; for which reason a London paper observes, that it would be happy for them, if they had never been visited by missionaries.—*Catholic Herald.*

An Apostate Priest.—Rev. Henry L. Oxley, lately a Dominican friar in England, has apostatized from the Catholic faith, on account of pecuniary embarrassments, for which the convent in which he resided would not become responsible. We mention this circumstance, because the conversion of Mr. Oxley has already been noticed with apparent satisfaction by certain Protestant journals. If they can find any cause for self gratulation in the acquisition of such individuals, who were not in good repute among Catholics, and who left the Church from worldly motives, they are welcome to it. What a contrast between the conversions of the Oxford divines and other Tractarian clergymen of the Church of England, to the Catholic faith, and that of certain priests to a Protestant sect! The Spencers, the Sibthorps, the Talbots, the Smiths, made a sacrifice of many hundreds a year by becoming Catholics, and enjoyed at that time a good reputation among their friends; but the Oxleys and others that might be mentioned, have abandoned Catholicity for the loaves and fishes, to place themselves in a more comfortable position. It is easy to judge which of the two calculations is more conformable to the spirit of Christianity; for its Divine Founder has declared that his "kingdom is not of this world."

Calumny.—The foreign papers inform us that the pretended decree of the Inquisition at Ancona against the Jews is a fabrication. The anticatholic journals in this country have circulated the slander; it remains to be seen whether a due regard for truth and justice will lead them to retract it.

Longevity.—A Carmelite nun died lately at Placencia, in Spain, aged one hundred and eight years. She lived in the reigns of Philip V, Ferdinand VI, Charles III, Charles IV, and Ferdinand VII. She also witnessed the reigns of nine Popes. She had been seventy-nine years in the cloister.—*Tablet.*

DOMESTIC.

Archdiocess of Baltimore.—The corner stone of a new church was laid at Havre de Grace, on the 6th of October, by Rev. James Reid, pastor of St. Ignatius', near the Hickory.

Diocess of Boston.—On Sunday the 1st of October, a church at Cabotville, Massachusetts, was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fenwick.

The Freeman's Journal of N. Y.—The assault made upon the Catholic population of

Baltimore in a late number of the above-mentioned paper, by a Philadelphia correspondent, required and would also have elicited from us a word in self-defence, had not the *Catholic Herald* furnished a correct statement of facts, together with some just and severe strictures upon the unmeaning production to which it replies. Whether the writer of this article were actuated by a *censurable spirit* or not, is a matter of no moment except to himself. His motives, let them have been what they may, are no justification of the false charges preferred against the Catholic laity of the Metropolitan city. If however he *is* to be exculpated from improper motives, it necessarily follows, that having undertaken to write upon a topic about which he is wofully uninformed, and having adopted a mode of delivering his lessons, which was very unwise, particularly as they were altogether uncalled for, he is taxable with ignorance and imprudence, two faults that totally disqualify him as a correspondent of the public press. Upon the writings of such men we have reason to look with suspicion.

In quoting the remarks of the *Herald*, we must observe that our New York cotemporary also has published them, Oct. 28th, and although he has passed rather slightly, in his prefatory observations, over the false and absurd statements of his correspondent, we consider his language an unequivocal evidence of an honorable return *ad meliorem frugem*.

"*Baltimore and Philadelphia.*—The last number of the *New York Freeman's Journal* contains an extremely silly and mischievous letter from a Philadelphia correspondent, who most unjustly satirizes Baltimore and its respectable Catholic laity. To those who know that city, the injustice is manifest. The College of St. Mary, the Convents of the Visitation and of Mount Carmel, the Hospital and Infirmary, the House of the Colored Oblates, are institutions which prove Baltimore to be far ahead of our city in Catholic establishments. The number of churches erected during the administration of the present venerated metropolitan, is considerable, and several are in progress of erection. St. Peter's, which is being built, will, we are informed, be a splendid edifice, and St. John's of the Redemptorists is a magnificent Gothic structure. The progress of our holy religion there is most consoling, and such as might well be expected from the edifying piety and untiring zeal of her clergy. The seminary is a tower of strength for the Catholic religion, under the direction of a venerable body of ecclesiastics, which has furnished our hierarchy with its brightest ornaments, besides forming to the sacred ministry a large portion of those who exercise it. The parochial clergy emulate their zeal, and the piety of the faithful is promoted by spiritual retreats given in the Metropolitan church, and in St. Vincent's and elsewhere. Of the generosity of the laity we need no other evidence than the number of churches erected, or in progress of erection, and the various institutions fostered and sustained. Numerous conversions to our faith have also taken place. These, and other undeniable facts, which we omit, prove that the progress of religion has been great, especially during the administration of the present archbishop, who has introduced into the diocess the zealous congregation of the Holy Redeemer, and has adopted measures for establishing the brothers of the Christian schools, besides extending to the city religious institutions previously established in other parts. In all that is Catholic, Baltimore is far beyond Philadelphia, and although we aspire to rival her, and if possible, surpass her in works of charity, we freely acknowledge her superiority, and envy not the privileges of her see, but rather desire their increase. Not only should her metropolitan rights remain sacred, but she must of right be invested with the primacy, when it may please the holy see to erect other metropolitan churches in the south or west, as may be the case at no very distant period.

We must express our surprise that the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* should have inserted the silly production, and treated, even in jest, of the removal of the metropolitical privileges, which was not at all mentioned by the writer; especially when publishing a homily on editorial responsibility for the benefit of all Catholic editors."

Religious Orders.—Very Rev. G. J. Wilson has been appointed provincial of the Dominican order in the United States, and Very Rev. James Vandevelde, superior of the Society of Jesus in the southern and western parts of the Union.

Consistency again.—The *Banner of the Cross*, October 28th, has the liberality to admit, that "the Roman communion is a branch of the universal Church," and a few columns after, it declares that "Romanism has many and awful errors." We think after this that even *dissenters* may have a chance of being recognized by the *Banner* as a portion of the true Church. In fact, if Bishops McIlvaine and Doane of the Protestant Episcopal denomination in the United States, are proclaiming opinions diametrically opposite on the subject of religion, and are still

united in the sacred and precious bonds of unity, why may not the Methodists, Presbyterians, Friends, Unitarians, and others lay claim to the honor of contributing to the *one fold under one shepherd?* The bishops above mentioned differ from each other, and very significantly and very pointedly state their disagreement on such matters as justification, baptismal regeneration, and other topics which at the time of the reformation were deemed of vital importance; but we all know that these questions have lost that grave aspect which they originally bore; the lapse of time has worn away the interest they once possessed, and to entertain contrary views respecting them is at the present day no obstacle to a perfect harmony in the faith!! We have every reason therefore to believe, that the various sects to which we have alluded, would not be discarded from the privileges of fellowship by our Episcopalian brethren. If some of them cannot square their ideas with those of episcopacy, they flatter themselves at least that they enjoy under another name, the same ecclesiastical mission and jurisdiction as their Episcopalian churchmen. If some do not admit the regenerative effect of baptism, well, what matters it? Episcopalian bishops themselves are divided upon the question, and are still *of one mind;* why should the other sects therefore suffer any apprehensions? They have the more reason to be cheered by the liberal condescension of certain editors, as of late a striking similarity has manifested itself between the happy and universally satisfactory proceedings of Episcopalian conventions and Presbyterian presbyteries. If Drs. Smith and Anthon of New York are alarmed at the dreadful assumptions of authority by a clerical officer, Bishop Breckenridge of Baltimore is not less despondent about the condition and fate of the true church established by Calvin, as we gather from the following comments of that gentleman regarding the late meeting in Baltimore.

"It is not, by any means, our purpose to write a commentary on the doings of the last Assembly. We deeply regret the necessity which seems laid upon us to say a word touching any part of them, and are more and more anxious, and, if God permit, more and more resolved to withdraw from a struggle, which, during thirteen years, we have zealously and unflinchingly maintained for a faith and order which new disasters constantly compromit, and which it seems to be the will of heaven to permit to be endlessly endangered, if not betrayed. Oh! that God would pity his poor, misgoverned, misguided church."

We cannot forbear congratulating the *Banner of the Cross*, on the enlargement of his bounds of charity, which must afford no little pleasure to our separated brethren of every opinion.

A propos; speaking of charity, it may not be amiss to suggest to the editor of the *Banner*, the *non sequiter* of his illogical and inconsistent remarks in relation to the words *Romanist, Papist,* &c. He seems to think that because *he* considers the word *Romanist* a proper designation for Catholics, and because Bishop Griswold looks upon the word *papist* in the same light, *therefore* the Catholic body should accept the appellations. If individuals have a right to nick-name the great majority of the Christian world, why does the editor of the *Banner* complain of the word *puseyism* which all the world give to a small party in England? We are willing to believe that he will, on reflection, acknowledge it to be inconsistent with his own principles, to impose upon the more numerous body of Christians, names which they disown, and that it is equally incompatible with the principles of true courtesy and charity.

OBITUARY.

Died on the 20th of August, at the college of St. Mary's, Barrens, Perry Co. Mo. Rev. John Larkin, C. M. He had been ordained one year before, and during his short ministry was distinguished for his zeal and piety.—*Cath. Cabinet.*

On the 27th of August, Rev. Abraham Backers, subdeacon, a native of Holland, aged twenty-seven years. The deceased was a member of the Society of Jesus, at Grand Coteau, La.—*Ibid.*

On the 2d of October, Rev. Robert Doogan, pastor of Alexandria, Louisiana, aged thirty years. A zealous and active laborer in the holy ministry, his death excited the profoundest regrets of the flock that he had served.—*Prop. Cathol.*

On the 29th September, Mr. John Morrin, a novice of the Dominican order, at St. Rose convent, Ky. aged twenty-four years.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

An Oration, delivered before the Pennsylvania Catholic Total Abstinence Society, July 4th, 1843, by Wm. Geo. Read, LL.D., of Baltimore.

We owe an apology to the learned and eloquent author of the above oration, for not noticing at an earlier period, his very interesting production. By some mischance his discourse found its way into our hands only a few days since. Nothing has yet fallen from this gentleman's pen, that we would not cheerfully commend for its classic elegance, its originality and strength of conception, its purity and beauty of style, and in general its sound views. The present effort abounds in all these marks of a finished orator. We give the following extract as an evidence of the high moral tone which characterizes the whole oration, and unite with the author in asking for it the dispassionate consideration of every patriot.

"I hesitate not to declare, and (considering at whose invitation I am here) the remark will not, I trust, be offensively obtruded—but at every personal risk, I fearlessly commend it to the dispassionate consideration of every thinking patriot, whom my feeble voice may reach—that the only permanent security for American liberty will be found in a more general investigation of the authority and obedience to the teaching of that Divine Religion, which, in her unchanging and unchangeable dogmas, her steady discipline, and sacramental aids, involves the elements of all true morality, all sound politics, all abiding civilization. Which, as she was the only power to tame the brute fury of kings and nobles, in times of feudal tyranny, so is the only one that can restrain the irregular passions of the multitude, in an age of universal suffrage; a religion not of speculative opinion but of explicit doctrine and positive precept; which leaves not man the interested judge of his own defaults or obligations, but, following him from the rebukes and exhortations of the confessional, to the solitude of the closet, bids him tremble there for the unatoned public wrong in which he may have shared, as for the private injury for which he cowers in undivided responsibility—which recognises no bankrupt or insolvent law—which absolves from no repudiation."

Sadlier's Family Bible. New York.

This republication has reached its sixth number, and as the best evidence we can offer of the elegance of its execution, and the satisfaction it has given, we state that Mr. J. Murphy, the agent, has not been able to supply the increasing demand for the work. This we are glad of, both for the reward which the publisher reaps for a faithful undertaking, and as an evidence of the anxiety of the Catholics of Baltimore to supply themselves with a family edition of the holy Bible.

Commemorative discourse on the occasion of the death of the Rev. F. P. W. Greenwood. By Geo. W. Burnap. Delivered Sept. 17, 1843.

This discourse, like every thing emanating from the same source, is illustrative of the practical good sense of the author, and awakens in its details a lively and mournful interest in all that relates to the subject of its commemoration. The author, however, will not expect us to adopt or commend such of his opinions as refer to Catholic usages or points of Christian doctrine. The veneration which the Church accords to her saints elicits his warm approval. He can even appreciate the feeling, ("which in darker ages was exaggerated into superstition,") of reverence for every memorial connected with holy men. This is a reflection very politely made on a pious usage, a rebuke sweetened with a kiss, a concession which almost makes us believe, that the author thought more favorably than he even spoke of this good and ancient Catholic custom, and that in his heart he considered it no superstition at all. As Catholics we deny that there is any superstition in making pilgrimages to the spots which virtue has sanctified, or bearing away the dust on which holy men have trodden, and assure the author that this fancied extravagance of the middle ages (he might have traced it back to the days of the Saviour himself), is still cherished and perpetuated by us as a consoling and most reasonable duty. Indeed we see the sick pastor whose interesting history the discourse commemorates, busied in his last illness, in carving little crosses of different materials, as memorials and relics for those he cherished, and from whom he felt he was soon to be severed. Now, we cannot see, that they who preserve these tokens of their departed friend, exhibit less of "the superstition of the darker ages," than the people of those ages themselves, who would pilgrim to the grave of a good man, and bear away the dust on which he had trodden. Indeed it seems from

the discourse before us, that the deceased pastor did alarm some friends into a belief that he was a Catholic, from the fact of distributing crosses among his friends. This alarm however the author quiets, and pronounces his reverend associate Catholic, only in extending "fellowship to all," and claiming "fellowship with all the true disciples of Christ, *of every name* and *denomination*, who proved their discipleship by bearing the image of their master." We do not know that we are theologians enough to comprehend this definition of a Catholic, but if we do, we infer from it, that no man can be a Catholic, unless he belongs to all the Christian denominations at once, and that to be truly Catholic you must combine all the harmonious ingredients of Catholic and Mormon, Covenanters and Shaking Quakers, Episcopalian and New Jerusalemite, and of all other creeds, until the picture would make us look like religious centaurs, or like the painter's non-descript, "*desinet in piscem mulier formosa superne.*" And from what follows we should judge that this combination makes up what is called the Independent Church of Baltimore. Not that any one man has all the varieties, but that the units who possess all the varieties make up one Catholic independent whole.

A Key to Universal History Illustrated, or the Stream of Time made visible, &c. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. N. York. D. Appleton.

This is the title of a book that is sold as an accompaniment to an historical map, called the Stream of Time, and is intended to facilitate the use of the chart, by giving some insight into the events that are noted on it. The reader would of course expect, that within the limits of 235 pages 12mo, the author could merely glance at the more prominent and interesting facts which history records: but strange to say, he has turned away from these to devote a long essay on the Inquisition in Spain, while not a word is said of the equally cruel inquisitions practised in England and the American colonies, by the very ancestors of the author himself. We ask moreover why should a subject like this, the recollection of which is by no means creditable to Protestantism, be so inappropriately and so inaccurately treated in a book of this description? Perhaps we should be satisfied with the reply, that the author is Mr. S. G. Goodrich, or Peter Parley, of notorious memory as a slanderer of the Catholic religion. While we recommend the Historical Map, we caution the Catholic community against the purchase of the book which accompanies it.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

In approaching the close of the present year's publication, which will terminate with the issue of our next number, it may not be amiss on our part, to state, and it may be gratifying to our friends, to learn that further arrangements have been made to enhance the usefulness and interest of the Magazine. Gentlemen among the clergy and laity, who rank high in point of talents, erudition, and literary accomplishment, have pledged their assistance in contributing to the pages of our periodical, and we confidently promise its patrons, during the ensuing year, a still more instructive and entertaining series than has yet been furnished. We are happy to inform them that the publisher is not deficient on his part in endeavoring to invest the work with additional merit, with respect to its mechanical and ornamental arrangements, and he has already provided a beautiful mezzotint engraving for the opening number of the next volume. Every thing, in short, will be done to render the Magazine of the coming year superior in its attractions to the volumes that have preceded it.

We have received lately several valuable papers, which will be placed before the reader in due time. Among them we may mention *The Lady Margaret*, an interesting sketch from British history; *Richard Crashaw*, an outline of this Catholic poet, with specimens from his writings; *The Reclaimed*, a spirited and entertaining tale, showing the force of early impressions; *Education in Rome*, a review of an excellent work on the eternal city; and the *Geography and Chronology of Niagara*, a scientific essay on that wonder of nature. *The Reclaimed*, is the first contribution of a pen that promises a rich store of gratification to the readers of the Magazine.

It would afford us pleasure to insert the Latin poem which was kindly sent to us by a venerable ecclesiastic of the west, and for which we must express our acknowledgments; but as it would be unintelligible to the great portion of our readers, we are reluctantly compelled to omit it.

The article on the *Pointed style* of architecture, for which we are thankful to the author, contains some valuable hints, and will appear, with some slight modification, at an early period.

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